THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

A LOVELY SCENE.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender, and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair,
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now;
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

DR. AND MRS. MORTON.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton had finished tiffin, and were discussing some private theatricals, which, followed by a ball, were to take place that evening at the mess-house of the —th. The subject was a delicate one, for on it they held decided, but unfortunately divided, opinions. The doctor had a prejudice against such things, and, though in most respects very indulgent to his pretty little wife, objected to her attending them. She, however, was bent on doing so.

"You know, dear, that it is the very last of the season, and every one will be there."

"And you know my rooted objection to these entertainments, Ada; why do you urge me?"

"Then when shall I ever have an opportunity of showing off that lovely pink and silver cloak you got from Madras on my birthday?" pouted the young wife.

"Ah! that is a deeply important matter!" laughed the doctor. "We must see if we can't get up a dance in our own bungalow, little woman," continued he somewhat inconsequently.

"But that won't be a ball and theatricals to-night; and by that time Dadlabhoy, Rumasgee and the other f'rasees will have their shops filled with the new-fashioned cloak, while as yet mine is the only one in the cantonment. I really do think, William, that you might let me go. I am sure I sit patiently enough through these solemn dinners and scientific reunions of which you are so fond."

"Well, well, as it is the very last of the season, I suppose I must be amiable for once, but——"

"O, that's a dear good disagreeable old thing!" said his wife, giving him a kiss; and, without waiting to hear more, in a flutter of delight she left the room.

When left to himself the doctor pondered their late conversation, and felt by no means satisfied with his share in it. Still, having consented, he determined to do so with a good grace; and, on Mrs. Morton presently re-entering to look for something, he said: "By the way, dear, when shall I order the palanquin for you?"

Still continuing her search, she replied absently. "O, any time. I shall only want it returning, the Hills will call for me going."

Dr. Morton was taken aback.

"So," he exclaimed, "you had arranged to go with—or without—my consent?"

With a little start, she answered somewhat confusedly. "Well, I thought you would be sure to give me leave, William, and——"

"As you have chosen to act so wholly independently," interrupted her husband, angrily, "I withdraw the consent I unwittingly gave. The house shall be closed at the usual hour, and if you do not happen to be at home at eleven o'clock, we do not sleep under the same roof this night." And in high displeasure Dr. Morton left the house, nor did he return for a couple of hours, during which his mood had more than once changed. The first irritation over, he felt that it was hard upon his pet to deny her the pleasure to which but the moment before he had assented. How could he bear to spend the long evening opposite that disappointed wistful little face? It began, too, to dawn upon him that "the whole cantonment"—which, in India, where private life is more distinctly public property than in any other corner of the world, stands for our esteemed old friend, Mrs. Grundy—might, as has ever been its wont, put an unkind construction on motives it did not understand; might hint that he was not so much standing by his principles —which, in fact, he had yielded—as avenging his own offended dignity. The result of all which cogitation was that if, on his return home, he should find that she had accepted both disappointment and rebuke in a proper spirit—much, indeed all, depended on that—she should go with their friends to the ball; or even, in the very probable event of their having already called, he would show his magnanimity by taking her himself. Just then a carriage drove swiftly past him; he recognized it to be the Hills', and in it—could he credit his senses?—all radiant with smiles, wrapped in her new cloak, sat his wife, who, in merry defiance, kissed her hands to him as they passed.

Both ball and theatricals were delightful and none enjoyed them more than the volatile and fascinating Mrs. Morton. In the gaiety of her spirits she confided to one after another of her dearest friends her husband's threat; and to one or two who expressed some fear that he might carry it out she laughingly replied that she did not think that that would be at all likely; but in the event of anything so improbable, she had still her palanquin, in which she could rest till gun-fire, when, of course, the house would be opened.

I am told that nowadays palanquins are in as little request in India as sedan-chairs in England; but in Dr. and Mrs. Morton's time—for know, O reader, that my story is founded on fact—they were, except in the evening drive, the most general mode of carriage. In the verandah of every house one or more might always be seen, with their bearers at hand, ready for instant service by day or by night.

It was past two o'clock when Dr. Morton heard, coming down the compound, the moaning monotonous cry of the bearers who carried their mistress to her home. Placing the palanquin in the verandah, they called loudly for admission, striking the door with their hands, in no small wonder that it had not, as usual, been thrown wide at their approach. Expectation of the coming triumph had driven sleep from his pillow; and he now turned his head with a grim smile, for his revenge was at hand—the little rebel should learn a lesson never to be forgotten.

To the bearer's voices was soon added that of their mistress'; indignantly, entreatingly, coaxingly she called in turn. She reminded her husband that their verandah was overlooked from the road. "Let me in, I beg, I entreat of you, William. It will be gun-fire in a couple of hours, and if seen here I shall be the laughing-stock of the whole station. O William dear, do let me in!"

To which her husband answered sternly. "We shall not rest under the same roof this night;" and he chuckled to himself, for he only intended to keep her waiting a few minutes.

For a moment Mrs. Morton seemed irresolute; then, having said a few words to the head-bearer, she cried aloud in a passionate burst of sobs: "I will die sooner than submit to such humiliation;" and, followed by her servants, she rushed away.

There was a long wailing cry—a shriek—a heavy splash. Good Heavens! could it be—could it be possible that his impetuous wife had thrown herself into the well? Hark to those wild cries, as the bearers run hither and thither with loud exclamations and calls for help. Paralyzed with fear, the husband could with difficulty open the door; then, rushing out, he would have flung himself into the still rippling water, in a mad attempt at rescue, had not a bearer hung upon his arm, as, in broken English, he tried to explain that his mistress was safe.

"Then, where is she? What is all this row about? Who has fallen in? What are you all yelling for?"

"For Mem Sahib tell 'Throw big stone down well;' then too much bobbery make; run this way, that way—plenty great tamasha. Mem Sahib make big cry, then Mem run away."

Dr. Morton knew himself outwitted, for doubtless his wife had taken advantage of the door she had thus succeeded in opening. Ah, well, though vexed at the trick, he was by no means sorry that the conflict was at an end, and that they should both pass what remained of the night in peaceful rest. He dismissed the bearers and returned to the house, but to find it shut! The door was closed, and obstinately resisted all efforts to open it; while a voice from the window at which he had himself so lately spoken said: "We shall not sleep under the same roof this night." The doctor, with an uneasy laugh, first treated the situation as a silly joke, then expostulated, then stormed; but all without avail or even notice. He called to the ayah to open the door; but her answer was that she was locked in Mem's room, and Mem had the key under her pillow. He stamped at first with anger, but soon with cold, for his night pyjamas offered slight protection against the chill morning air. At length, seeing the palanquin he got into it. The lovely cloak was lying on the cushions; he drew the hood over his head, its delicate hues in striking contrast to his auburn face and disheveled hair, and dragging it round his broad shoulders with an angry tug, settled himself to sleep.

The gun had fired, the "assembly" sounded, but still the doctor slept on. Nor was he roused by the sound of horses' hoofs, as a bevy of ladies, unescorted except by servants, rode up to the door. They would be joined in their ride by their husbands after parade; and then, after a final round of the course, assemble at the house of one or other of their party to chota-hazarie and a lively discussion of absent friends.

In much surprise they waited a minute or so before the closed and silent house, then, with significant glances, one after the other slid from her saddle, determined to solve the mystery. Ah, there it is! A little corner of the cloak worn the night before by Mrs. Morton peeped out of the closed doors of the palanquin; 'twas evident that the poor little thing had been obliged to seek that shelter. "What a shame!" They would speak to her, they would comfort her, and O, what a laugh they would have against him! They grouped themselves round the palanquin, bending low to peer in; and one on either side drew back the sliding doors as—gracious!—Dr. Morton, still half-asleep, slowly opened his eyes. Most effectually was he wakened by the startled exclamation with which the visitors hastily retreated to their horses, which they were just in the act of mounting as the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Morton appeared in her riding-habit. They immediately rode away, to the infinite satisfaction of the recumbent but impatient doctor, who was in mortal fear that fresh complications might arise through his unexplained absence from duty bringing messages of inquiry.

At the meeting of husband and wife we would rather not play fly in the corner, but take for granted that there was the usual amount of tears, recrimination and hysterics, in which—for this occasion only—a torn and crumpled fabric of pink and silver took an active part; the sight of it from time to time stimulating Mrs. Morton's grief and eloquence, while her husband who, smarting under the expose of the morning, had entered on the fray with unusual spirit, soon found himself vanquished, limp and utterly dismayed, as his own inconsistent, tyrannical and selfish conduct was contrasted—not for the first time—with the patient endurance of his long-suffering wife.

Neither of this, nor of the reconciliation that followed in natural sequence, shall we make record, but we must of the pleasing fact that, at the very next concert, Mrs. Morton, leaning on her husband's arm, appeared in most excellent spirits, her cloak, this time of amber and gold, being admired by all beholders.—*London Society.*

Lady versus Woman.

The term lady is not objectionable in itself if it be strictly construed. As defined in its primary sense by its derivative it means one who takes care of, or looks after bread, and may thus be properly applied to any woman who is the head of a family. A lady according to the best authorities is the female head of a household who looks after domestic affairs. In the simplest acceptation of the term it is often applied to the Virgin Mary, who is frequently referred to as "Our Lady."

So long as lady is applied with its original meaning in view it is an acceptable term. But its secondary meaning has come to be the generally acknowledged one. A woman when she is called lady in this country feels that a compliment has been paid her, because she takes the word to mean a female of social distinction, remembering that in England it is the feminine of lord, and that no woman is called a lady unless her husband is not of lower rank than a knight or whose father was a nobleman or not lower than an earl.

In this country the word has no such meaning, and women should be preferred, because there are no distinctions of rank here. A woman is a woman in a republic like this. No prouder title can be given her. She is not compelled to be a lady according to red tape ideas, to be a good, noble woman, fit for companionship with the best men that ever breathed. Her breeding may be fine, her manners perfect and her education of the most superior character, yet she is neither more nor less than a woman. —*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

—The Boston *Congregationalist* records as a significant fact that recently Major Burke, proprietor of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, had the sporting news omitted one day in order to make room for a column on the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Louisiana.

—He who has fair words only is like one who feeds the sick with an empty spoon and talks about gruel.

You Wantee Buy?

Since the sounding of the cry: "The Chinese must go!" Chinamen in San Francisco have suffered so much persecution that they have become suspicious of all Americans who come prying about their quarters. Before trading they wish to be sure that the visitor is a customer and has come to buy and not to tease them. But when they are sure that he means "business," it is amusing to see how eager they are to get the highest prices for their wares.

Two gentlemen from the east had an experience of this kind in San Francisco not long ago. While visiting Chinese shops in search of a peculiar kind of teapot, they found in one shop four Chinamen around a table in the back part of the store, drinking tea. Near the door was another, with a queer pen in his hand, like a little paint-brush, apparently squaring up accounts. He looked at them forbiddingly, as they asked:

"Have you any teapots in padded baskets to keep the tea warm?"

"No," was the curt reply.

"Why, I saw one in the window."

"No."

"Yes, I did; look here."

"No; no sav-ee Melican" (don't understand English).

At this juncture one of the tea-drinkers, who had been listening attentively, came forward and asked, in a stern voice:

"You wantee buy?"

"Yes, of course we do," replied the Americans.

"You wantee buy tleapot?"

"Yes, like that. How much is it?"

"You wantee buy?" still persisted the Chinaman.

"Yes, yes! How much is it?"

"One tollar four bittee" (one dollar and a half).

"A dollar and four bits! Why, a friend of mine bought one just like that for six bits" (seventy-five cents).

"Ugh! You no wantee buy;" and the man turned to put up the teapot.

"Here! don't put it up. I'll give you six bits for it."

"You gottee money?" said the Celestial, shrewdly.

"Yes, look here," and one of the visitors drew from his pocket a purse containing several pieces of silver.

At sight of the money the Chinaman, convinced that a trade was intended, girded himself for a bargain, for he was eager to sell.

"Me sell him one tollar two bittee."

"No, six bits, I tell you, and that's all!"

"China plice, one tollar *one* bittee. Me no gettee plofit."

"Six bits. Will you sell? That's all I'll give."

After further haggling, the Chinaman came down in his price and sold the teapot for seventy-five cents. Suspicion seldom prevents their taking a man's money, and the "plofits" seem satisfactory, even when they receive but half of the asking price.—*Youth's Companion.*

Caps on the Rise.

Two men, apparently just from the country, stood at a stand on West Street examining some caps. The proprietor of the stand was an Italian. While his back was turned the younger one pocketed a cap. He then bought a five-cent box of blacking, and with his companion entered a beer saloon next door. A small boy, who had seen the theft told the Italian of his loss. The Italian hailed a patrolman. "Offica, offica," said he, "a man steals my capa. Wanta have 'im locka up."

"Where is the man?" the officer inquired.

"Come-ah me ah shows you," said the Italian.

He led the way to the saloon and pointed out the man who had taken the cap.

"My friend," said the patrolman, "this man accuses you of stealing a cap. What have you to say?"

The young man seemed surprised. "Why," he replied, "my father paid him for it, didn't you, father?" turning to his companion.

"No," answered the older man, "I didn't. I thought you paid for it."

"Well, then, it's all a mistake," said the young man. "I'm willing to pay for the cap. How much do you want for it?" turning to the Italian.

The patrolman whispered to the son of Italy.

"Ye capa wortha two-a dolla," was the reply.

"Two dollars!" repeated the young man, in astonishment, dropping his cigar. "Why, you had it marked fifty cents on your stand."

"Me wanta two-a dolla now," the Italian persisted. "Capa gona up," winking at the patrolman.

The young man hesitated. He glanced at the officer and said: "Well, I suppose I'll have to pay you what you ask."

He drew a roll of bank notes from his pocket and passed the Italian a two-dollar bill. The knot of bystanders smiled, and the Italian returned to his stand. Meeting the officer later, he asked: "Offica, you weara a suspendees?"

"No," answered the patrolman, "I wear a belt."

"Wella," said the Italian, "if some time ah you wanta silka suspendee come-ah here and they no costa you a cent." —*Detroit Free Press.*

The House of Lords.

A roll-call of the Lords spiritual and temporal in the fourth session of the twenty-second Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has just been issued. According to the usage of Parliament, when the house appoints a select committee, or sends a committee to a conference with the Commons, the Lords are named in order of rank, beginning with the highest; otherwise the call begins with junior Baron. In the roll each Peer has a number set against his name to show his rank in the house. Five royal Princes are at the head of the list, and at the end are two most recently-made Peers, Lord Alcester and Lord Wolseley, whose number is 524 in the roll. This number is in excess of the total number of spiritual Lords and temporal. The discrepancy arises from certain Lords appearing twice, both in their due rank in the peerage, and also as high officers of State. Lord Selborne, besides being an Earl, stands seventh on the list, taking precedence of every one except the royal Dukes and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is not yet on the list, Lord Spencer comes ninth, as Lord President of the Council, and Lord Carlingford next, as Lord Privy Seal. Lord Sidney, as Lord Steward, takes precedence among the Earls, and Lord Kenmare, as Lord Chamberlain, among Barons. Lord Erne also holds two places in the roll, as Earl of Erne and Lord Fermanagh. Every Peer has set against his name any office or superior title in the Peerage of Ireland or of Scotland that he may hold.—*London Times.*

—Alaska is begging that school-teachers be sent there.

A Dramatic Career.

That these prosaic days are not wholly without their thrilling romances and hairbreadth escapes is shown by the remarkable career of Prince Krapotkine, the Russian Nihilist.

Prince Krapotkine now lies in prison at Lyons, France, having been recently condemned to five years' imprisonment as an anarchist.

Russia has produced, in this generation, few men more learned, more eloquent, or more accomplished than this man of princely rank, doomed to solitary confinement in a foreign country. Prince Krapotkine traces his descent from Rurick, the first ruler of Russia, and claims, indeed, that he has a better claim to the Russian throne than the reigning Czar himself. Belonging to a family not only noble, but very rich, he early manifested a craving for knowledge, and in his youth devoted himself to scientific studies. He became, while yet a young man, a noted geologist, [illegible] several scientific works on subjects of physical science, which won for him a wide reputation.

Outraged by the despotism of the Russian rulers, Prince Krapotkine, in spite of his wealth and his fame as a man of science, about ten years ago joined the revolutionary society of Nihilists, devoted to the destruction of the Empire, and from that time he became one of its most active and energetic members.

Prince Krapotkine, besides being learned, is an orator of a high order. His bold and vehement eloquence, electrifying those who heard him, rapidly made converts wherever he went. At last, however, he was hunted down by the Czar's police. He was arrested and thrown into the dungeon of the fortress of Peter and Paul, at St. Petersburg. These dungeons, gloomy to the last degree, extend beneath the ice-cold river Neva. No ray of light from heaven relieves their darkness. No wonder that the prisoner was attacked by a deadly illness and had to be removed to the Nicholas hospital near by.

As the Prince gradually recovered his strength in the hospital he began to plan his escape. By some means he managed to communicate with his Nihilist friends outside. Having received permission to walk three times a week in the hospital yard, he one day observed a cart laden with wood enter by a gateway. This gave him a hint of a method of escape. He contrived to convey a message to the Nihilists, asking them to have a carriage with a swift span of horses stationed on the outside, near the gate, every day from noon till four o'clock.

One day a wood-cart again passed through the gate, which was left open and unguarded. Krapotkine did not lose an instant. Throwing off his prison coat he darted through the gate, hotly pursued by the guard who always closely watched him in his walks. The carriage was waiting outside, as it had been every day for four months. He leaped into it amid the balls of the soldiers, and pushing aside one who reached him just as he was getting in. The carriage drove off at lightning speed, and within two days the Prince was safe in Switzerland.

Ever since his daring escape until his trial and conviction at Lyons a few weeks ago, Prince Krapotkine has been living in Switzerland, busily involved in the plots of the Nihilists, and in close co-operation with the revolutionists of Germany, France and other countries.

There can be no doubt of his sincerity; since he chose to give up rank, fortune, position, scientific fame and even liberty, in adopting what he regards as the cause of oppressed people, and his history shows us how despotic the Russian political system must be to drive men of the learning, eloquence and courage of Prince Krapotine into the ranks of conspiracy and revolution.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gladstone's Lost Finger.

Mr. Gladstone is fond of the open air, but field sports have never been his forte. It is not known that he ever rode after the hounds, and for many years he has not fired a fowling piece. The reason for his absence from the moors and preserves, so dear to most Englishmen, is thus given by the London *Standard*:

Dozens of members of Parliament have probably sat in the House of Commons with Mr. Gladstone for years without having noticed that, as the black silk guard tied round his wrist indicates, he has lost the index finger of his left hand.

Like the famous Lord Anglesey's leg, which was buried in the Belgian village from which the battle of Waterloo takes its name, Mr. Gladstone left his lost finger, in a sportsman's sense, on the field of honor.

Nearly forty years ago he was staying at Escrick Park, near York, as the guest of the grandfather of the present Lord Wenlock, who was the uncle of Mrs. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone went out shooting as one of a large party, and while he was loading his gun—there were no breech-loaders in those days—one barrel exploded and blew away his finger.

There was no hope of replacing it or of setting the bone, which, indeed, was entirely carried away, and from that day to this Mr. Gladstone has always worn the black finger-stall to which we have just alluded.

The accident seemed to be a protest against his further use of a fowling-piece; but it was not until some years later that he took to the amusement of cutting down trees.

—A story is told of Justice Huddlestone, of London, a prominent English Judge, illustrating his propensity for "tuft-hunting." Going out to dinner recently, he learned that a certain noble Duke was to be of the party. As he encountered the butler in the hall he slipped half a sovereign into his hand, saying: "I have a few special words to say to the Duke; contrive that I sit next to him." "Thank you," said the butler, "his Grace has just given me a sovereign to place you at the other end of the room." The Duke knew his man.

—There is in Dayton, Ohio, an aged man who has, ever since he was eleven years old, when he earned his first dollar, kept an account of all financial transactions of his life. The figures tell a charming story of life's battles; how he twice struck a stumbling block and fell and each time started out afresh to regain what he had lost. Enough money to make a score of fortunes has passed through his hands, and though he has given thousands upon thousands to charity he has still $600,000 left.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—A San Francisco broker feared to exhibit genuine money in his window and therefore had brass counterfeits and imitated greenbacks made. He must have exhibited too much, for twice in two weeks the seventy dollar plate-glass window has been broken by hoodlums desirous of making off with what they thought must be enormous riches.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

St. Malo.

For years past most remarkable reports about a Malay settlement at the mouth of a small bayou running into Lake Borgne on the extreme southern limit have been in circulation. Tales which would have furnished material for many volumes of sensational literature have been twice told about this peculiar spot, until the passage of time and the absence of accurate detail concerning this terra incognita gave to them the corroboration of general acquiescence, and St. Malo was regarded by those who heard of the settlement as akin to the buccaneers' resorts of the Caribbean Sea, or to the mysterious retreats of the smugglers of the Spanish main. It is true, now and again some indefatigable amateur hunter or fisherman would stray into its neighborhood, but they never remained long, and their short visits served rather to heighten the color of past rumors than to tone them down to a matter-of-fact standard [illegible].

All that was definitely known was that many years ago a number of natives of Manila, one of the Philippine Islands, north of Java, had established themselves in a village on a piece of land in the sea marsh of Louisiana, near a bayou, and there, with miles and miles of rustling rushes and reeds between them and civilization, had built up an autonomy of their own, holding allegiance to no power or potentate, and, though within the geographical boundary of our State and the United States, yet beyond the reach of its laws. A stern and rigidly enforced statute of the colony was that of complete exclusion of the female sex, and many were the ghastly traditions of the enforcement of this ordinance.

According to the whispered story, shortly after the settlement was made, and the small-eyed natives of the Pacific began to thrive with their fishery, one of their number, following the example of the average American citizen, as well as the dictates of a semi-Mongolian taste, carried thither a wife, and established her at the head of his little household. Within a few months unpleasant reports began to spread in the village, at first against the chief, and then against the smallest and most insignificent fisher's assistant there. Gossip, with her idle tongue, invoked private enmity where brotherly love existed before, and old friends found themselves separated by some maligning slanderer. Feuds were created. The crease and the knife were resorted to, and the peaceful St. Malo threatened to become a place of sickening deeds. The older heads gathered together and discussed this unlooked-for change in the affairs of the microcosm. The logic of facts, by a very simple induction, pointed to the woman as the cause, and her fate was sealed. Traditions differ as to the means taken to bring about the desired result. One has it that she was tied out in the marshes to a stake for the mosquitoes to suck out her life-blood; another tells of the short strife of a knife and a severing of the bloody limbs from the headless trunk. It matters little which may be true, the result remained, and woman never more set eyes on St. Malo.

The character of these settlers had been spoken of as most bold and desperate, which was skillfully concealed under a mild, submissive manner when the eyes of Christian people were upon them. Exclusive, crafty, superstitious and daring descendents of the anthropophagi, it was but natural that excursionists from New Orleans and the neighboring country did not take kindly to St. Malo as a resort in their summer cruises over our land-locked lakes. With such before the imagination, it is pardonable that a desire for a solution of these reported mysteries should be awakened in the journalistic mind.

The fishing is conducted by companies, each of which is composed of a Captain and four or five men. The Captain is generally the owner of the seine. They start out in fine weather down the shore of Lake Borgne and haul the seine until a sufficient quantity is caught to fill their cars. All return to St. Malo, where the fish are bunched and sold to luggers which ply between that point and New Orleans. The first share goes to the seine, and then all take share and share alike of the proceeds. Each man, when lucky, clears between fifteen and eighteen dollars per week. They do not care for the cold, and work winter and summer, although summer is the best fishing season. The men live on fish, rice and beans, and once a week they get meat. They are all contented without wives, and seldom have trouble with one another. When they first came they built their houses with *latanier* (palmetto) leaves and with straw from the marsh; now they are built of cypress.

No such thing as a warrant of a court, a tax bill, a lawyer, a doctor, or an election is known there. Their only judges to settle their disputes are arbitrators selected by those who dispute the property in a skiff, a bunch of fish, or a pirogue. When a man gets drunk on liquors brought on the luggers from the city, and he gets noisy, he is immediately taken down to a fish car, which is simply a large skiff, some ten feet long, decked over with open seams about an inch in width, so that when it is afloat the water will flow through it to keep the fish alive. The drunken man is put in a fish car, the sliding door on top is closed and a peg inserted. He is then safe. If he becomes too obstreperous the car is pushed out into the water until it is half filled, the cold bath effectually quieting the ardor of the prisoner.

With Fatallie as an interpreter, the *Times-Democrat* men paid Del Carpio a visit, and from him learned that the boat-builder's story was correct. Del Carpio had been there for thirty-five years, and formerly was Captain of a company himself, but he had grown too old to fish, and he seldom went out in the boats now. He raised game chickens, which afforded much sport to the woman there, and passed his days quietly beneath the dark shadows of his trees. Under the shed was hung a string of sliced fish, drying, as if drying was possible in such a humid atmosphere. Everything seemed saturated. Del Carpio had been a sailor, but on reaching this country had left his vessel and come to St. Malo. He said the place was selected because the bayou afforded a good harbor, and excellent fishing grounds were near. The men there took no part in the late war, and were disturbed by neither side. He would not say that there was no smuggling through the lines from St. Malo at that time, but smiled significantly when the subject was mentioned. When asked why women were not allowed in the settlement, he only shrugged his shoulders and said: "*Quien Sabe?*" His face was wrinkled, and from beneath an overhanging brow two bead-like eyes shone out with all the luster of youth. His mouth was a good-natured one, but evinced great firmness. He was considerably agitated at the visit, and did not appear at ease until his visitors entered their pirogues and paddled off.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Coming Inventions.

"What more can be invented?" asked an enthusiastic citizen on Saturday, after listening to the talk over the line from here to New York.

"Why, we have only begun," replied a gentleman who had paid some attention to the subject. "To talk six hundred miles or so is nothing. Why, you just wait ten years and I will tell you what you will see."

"Well, let's hear you now."

"In the first place the present Morse system of telegraph will have entirely passed away. Talking will be so much more rapid and accurate."

"Yes, I admit that."

"Well, that is not all. There will be a perfect network of telephone communication, and it will be very cheap. [illegible] By the payment of a [illegible] the father in Northern Ohio can step to the telephone station at the township center and call up his married daughter, who many years ago emigrated to Dakota. As he talks he will look into a finely-adjusted mirror that stands before his face, and in that mirror he can see the face of his beloved daughter as she talks to him. She, at her end of the line, of course, will observe the countenance clearly and distinctly also. The conversation will run something like this:

"'You seem to be a little pale to-day, father. Are you as well as usual?'

"'Why, yes, I guess I am all right. How are the babies?'

"'Oh, Sally was sick all night and don't seem to be just right this morning. Here she is (holding her up to the telephone). You must excuse her appearance. Her face is not very clean; I have been so busy that I have not had time to wash it, and she has been playing around and got this apron very dirty, too.'

"'Sally is all right, ain't she, little one? How grandpa does wish he could take her in his arms. He can see her very clearly, though. I think she looks more and more like her mother's folks as she gets older, don't you?'

"'Yes, we all agree on that. William has insisted almost ever since she was born that she was mother's girl. But here is Henry and John; both want to see and talk with grandpa a minute this morning.'

"'Bless their souls, grandpa wants to see them, too. Let them come to the 'phone.'

"And so the conversation will go on, and all for ten cents."

"But that will spoil the United States mail. What will be the use of writing letters when we can talk that way?"

"There will be none at all. But this telephone business will be run by the Government, and the price of communication will be kept down to the minimum. When we think that we can now talk over a line six hundred miles long, and hear what is said, do you think that is expecting very much? Who would have believed that such a thing as a telephone was possible ten years ago? I tell you, I am not speaking at random in what I have said above. Through with [illegible] have only just begun. We have got to study up some means of rapid transit by which newspapers at any rate can be sent from one part of the country to another much faster than now. News will get very old before a full description of it can be sent from one part of the country to the other by telephone. Men are now studying the problem of electric locomotion, and in ten years it will be an accomplished fact. This is a fast age? Ha, ha! This is an ox-team-and-covered-wagon age compared to what is coming. Twenty-five miles per hour for an express train! Bah! who will be willing to wait for that; we shall spin along at least at the rate of thirty or forty miles a minute when there is any necessity for so doing. Not possible? Why, man, you are a skeptic! any thing is possible to the modern Yankee mind and genius. We can do anything we have a mind to and we will."

The man who thought the inventors had got to the end of their string walked away in a reflective mood.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Common-Sense Heels.

The man who is not too much wrapped up in his business, and there are few who are, to cast a critical eye upon the well-dressed woman as she passes him on the street on these alleged spring days, will doubtless notice that her style of walking has changed for the better. He may not stop to ponder upon the reason for the improvement, and perhaps could not discover it if he did, but he nevertheless notices and appreciates the fact.

The heel of a woman's shoe is a little thing and sometimes considered insignificant, but it is of sufficient importance, all the same, to change her gait and alter her whole appearance on the street or in the ball room. One of fashion's decrees that has for some years been adhered to is that the heel of a woman's shoe shall taper off to a pencil point and be placed in the middle of the foot. The result has been that her shoes have proved of as much aid in walking backward as forward. The gait made necessary was accepted because it was fashionable, but it never was admired.

Men admire a free and graceful gait in women and it is undoubtedly the chief desire of women to attract the admiration of men. The change in fashion which has tabooed French heels on women's shoes, will give them another valuable chance for success in this particular. What are called "common-sense" heels have now been decreed to be the thing. Women ought to be devoutly thankful therefore that they have been kindly taken off of stilts and are permitted to walk in a way that is admired by civilized men.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

—A green chap from the country, down in the city for a spree, walked into a dentist's office the other afternoon, and seated himself in the chair of torture. "Go, ahead," he said to the gum-ganger; "I want to get full as quick as you can do it." "Want to get full!" exclaimed the tooth-tackler; "I guess you are full already. You'd better get out of here—you've mistaken the place." "I have, have I?" shouted the stranger. "Then what do you mean by putting in the newspapers 'filling a specialty?'"—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

—In Baltimore, on St. Paul's street, is displayed the sign, "Charles J. Bonaparte, attorney at law." This grand nephew of the great Emperor is a busy member of his profession.

Love's Labor Lost.

A family living in this city possessed one child, a bright boy of four years, who during the past winter fell a victim to the frightful epidemic of diphtheria and after a brief illness died. Both parents were crushed by the blow, but it seemed as if the young mother never would rally. At last friends suggested that she make a tour South to her relatives, and assisted her to get ready. More dead than alive, she left home, and accompanied only by her mother went off on her mournful journey in quest of health if not of happiness.

The husband meanwhile was left alone; he was obliged to go every day to his business; to buy and sell and mingle with other men, and keep back the tears which it would have been manly to shed, but which would rise in his heart whenever he thought of his beautiful boy; he was doubly bereaved in also losing the society of his wife, but he tried to bear it as best he [illegible].

And then the thought came to him that he might fill up his [illegible] also create a pleasant diversion for his wife [illegible] not be reminded at every glance of the dear lost child; and he called in paper-hangers, bought new furniture, removed the old, and had the happiness of having it all ready and waiting when his wife returned. It had literally been a labor of love with him, and as he met his wife, and heard her express her sincere wish for home, he smiled in the gladness of his heart over her anticipated relief. The house was dimly lighted when she entered, but the pretty sitting-room was illuminated, and the new wall-hangings, the bright furniture shone resplendent as she saw them there. Her husband waited for her first words of approval.

"What is this?" she asked in a faint cold voice. "This is not home, where have you taken me, Charlie?"

"It is home, dear," answered her husband, kindly. "I made the changes to surprise you. I knew you could not bear to see it just as it was when—when you went away. Everything is new and different."

Her answer was a low heart-broken cry.

"O, Charlie! how could you," she sobbed. "Where is the dear old rocker that I used to rock little Bertie to sleep in every night of his life—oh what have you done with that, and the place on the wall where I measured him every year, and the mark that his dear little high-chair made, and the notches he cut in the window-sill, and the marks of his little feet on the chair-rungs, and his own nail to hang his cap and scarf on? Why, Charlie, I could not sleep for thinking of them. I hurried home to them—they were all I had! they were all I had!"

Grief is selfish; cold, cruel and selfish to the living, but something in the look her husband gave her made the young wife stop and say gently: "Never mind! I will get used to the new things—they are very pretty. Thank you, dear."

But oh the lost photographs on the wall, the trace of a sunny head, the impress of restless little fingers, now forever stilled, the mark of a boyish heel on the door-sill, the magnetism of a living presence; these were gone never to return, there was nothing left except [illegible]. To remember that the daily comfort and happiness of one human [illegible] is more than all the tears that [illegible] can shed over one who is gone, one who no longer needs "our poor protection," who would bid us dry our tears, and look up—up to that Heaven, where all mourners shall be comforted.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Man, Dog and Deer.

A letter from Reed City, Mich., says: Charley Chick, a veteran land-looker and woodsman residing at Baldwin, and well known throughout this section, met with an exciting adventure with a deer, recently, in the north part of Newaygo County. He was land-looking in town 15. 12, accompanied only by his dog, a bull terrier. Hearing his dog barking furiously at something quite a distance away and across the river from where he was, he went over the stream, and on snow-shoes went to investigate the cause of the racket. He had noticed lynx tracks several times during the afternoon and thought that the dog had treed a lynx. Owing to the peculiar nature of the ground he could not see the disturbance until fairly upon them. Instead of a lynx his dog had brought to bay a very large buck deer. The crust of the snow was strong enough to hold the dog but not the deer, and they were having a lively time of it. Not wishing to kill the animal at this season of the year he broke off a limb from a dry hemlock and struck the dog two or three times and made him loosen his hold, the dog having a solid hold of the buck. No sooner had the dog loosened his grip than the ungrateful deer turned upon Chick with great fury and made a fierce charge upon him. He was armed with a hunting knife and revolver. He determined to run, but made such poor headway upon his snow-shoes that the enraged buck soon overtook him. In the onset the deer's foot struck the rawhide network of the snow-shoe and broke it. Any person who has ever tried walking on snow-shoes knows what a predicament that puts a man in. The dog came to the rescue of the master and for a time it was a badly mixed up mess of man, dog and deer. Finally, getting his foot free from the broken snow-shoe he drew his revolver and put a ball in the deer's head. The next instant the buck knocked him down and made a vigorous effort to stamp him under the snow. The dog seized the deer and that animal turned upon him. Chick had lost his revolver in the onslaughts. Before the deer again turned to Chick he had time to draw his knife, a long-bladed dirk. This time he grappled the deer and hung on to his head and neck with one arm while he plied the knife with the other, finally succeeding in killing the buck. Chick arrived home in a badly battered condition, with his clothes torn and damaged. His whole life has been spent in the woods, and he says that this was the most exciting adventure he ever had.

—A woman of one of the interior towns of Pennsylvania has introduced a startling innovation into the time-honored custom of giving birthday parties. She insisted that each guest, instead of purchasing a present at random, should contribute fifty cents, and that she should thus be left free to buy such presents as she might want. Every minister's wife in Pennsylvania will rise up and call this woman blessed.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The ministering hand of gentle woman has been felt again, this time in Pawtucket, R. I. A child in one of the schools there whistled. The teacher asked who it was, and failing to find out flogged the whole school, with one exception, a girl who chose to be turned out instead. There were fifty-eight scholars, and fifty-seven of them got five blows apiece with a rattan.—*Boston Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dr. Arnold said that he preferred a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common sense and understands boys, to high scholarship.

—A Tennessee school-master kissed the girls as a punishment, and before the trustees put a stop to the practice it took him about an hour per day to requite their disobedience.

—One hundred and fifty Italian children are attending a Protestant Mission Sunday-school in New York City. An Italian branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city has been organized.

—A tablet has been placed in the Center Church, New Haven, in memory of Rev. James Pierpont, of the class of 1681 Harvard University, who was pastor of the parish from 1685 to 1714. He was one of the founders of Yale College.

—In the kingdom of Siam all college students are allowed but two wives. This is shameful. They are putting more rules on every year. After a while they will [illegible] to one. The [illegible].—*College Mercury.*

—Professor Blackie once chalked on his notice-board in college: "The Professor is unable to meet his classes to-morrow." A waggish student removed the "c," leaving "lasses." When the Professor returned he noticed the new rendering. Equal to the occasion the Professor quietly rubbed out the "l" and joined in the hearty laughter of the asses.

—Mr. Spurgeon, of London, has declared himself against the Salvation Army. In the new number of his magazine he writes: "It is time that somebody spoke, now that the attempt is made to make men religious by turning all religion into a game of soldiers. Because they would not hinder anything that promised well. Christian men have borne with much that grieved them, but there is a point beyond which long-suffering charity cannot go. That point is nearly reached; even the most ultra tolerant must feel that hope has been disappointed, and fear now takes its place."

—Bishop Coxe, in a letter to the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Express* says the church wants to coerce no clergyman into belief in its creed, but it does insist that when he has departed from the creed he shall go out of the church. That is entirely reasonable, and if the backslider, the progressionist, or whatever he thinks himself, has any self-respect he will voluntarily leave the establishment he has ceased to be in harmony with, and not wait to be invited or kicked out of it. And if his congregation chooses to stand by him it will do the same thing; not that it and its favorite are not right, but that churches, like other institutions, must be consistent and must stand by and vindicate their articles of faith.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Yes," said the landlord, pointing to his block of new houses, "they're all full, 'cept the one at the end. That's last, but not leased."

—German geographers propose to christen a portion of the Northern ocean the Nordenskiold sea. Don't, it's kjold enough now.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Mrs. General Tom Thumb would go shopping oftener than she does if she had more money. Her husband is always a little short.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The latest novelty is a looking-glass upon whose surface can be found indications of a clear sky or coming storms. Such a looking-glass should be placed upon the weather bureau.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—"Av ye plaze, sor," said Mrs. McCarthy, "me ould man sent me here for to buy him a pair o' shoes." "What size," madam?" asked the dealer. "G—the biggest ye have, shure, the ould man's fate is unlimited."—*Elevated Railroad Journal.*

—Fashionable young club men of New York, sans aims and sans brains, who ape the British snob in their dress, are called "dudes." We don't see much economy in the new name. The old title, "idiots," contains only one more letter.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Fifteen genuine Sioux Indians, who are seeing Gotham, amuse the people at a hotel by eating with their hands and dressing outlandishly. As they wear silk hats they think they are civilized. This is a very common mistake among other people besides Indians.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—A Frenchman, learning the English language, complains of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go, thou startest, he departs. We lay tracks, you cut sticks, they absquatulate or skedaddle."

—Mrs. Josiah Fender is a very simple sort of a woman. An old gentleman by the name of Ryckman and his wife moved into the vicinity of the Fender mansion, on Austin Avenue. Mrs. Fender, who is very neighborly, baked a nice cake and took it over to the new arrivals. "I have brought over some cake for Mr. Ryckman's children," said Mrs. Fender. "But we have never had any children," said Mrs. Ryckman. "Well, then, give it to your grandchildren," said Mrs. Fender.—*Texas Siftings.*

—It is said that a word once spoken is never lost, but goes on circling around the heavenly spheres forever and ever. The stories, jokes and witty sayings now doing duty were current with our fathers and our fathers' fathers. So with newspaper curiosities. Here is a quaint doggerel that has just started afresh on its endless round:

Miss Flora McFlimsey McVeigh
Went sailing in Wallabout bay;
When her lover met her, upset her and wet her
All over with old ocean's spray.

Miss Flora she thought it quite rough,
And called her bold lover a rough.
But her lover he caught her, and taught her
That water,
Like riches, is unstable stough.

A Mouse's Nest Made of Bank Notes.

A workman employed at a house building at 15 Avenue de Versailles, in Paris, was disagreeably surprised the other day to find that a sum of 2,000 francs in bank notes he had hidden in a cellar for safety had disappeared. The pocket-book which had contained the notes was there, lying open, but there were no signs of the notes. On searching well, however, some small fragments of paper were seen lying about, and the master-builder, M. Picard, who had come forward at once, thought that mice might be the thieves. Following the direction of the fragments he had the flooring taken up of a room above used as an office, and in which a fire had been lighted, and there near the stove was found a mouse's nest lined with the precious paper, nibbled into small pieces. These were collected and taken to the Bank of France, where the notes will be reconstituted if possible; and if the numbers can be ascertained other notes will be given by the bank in exchange for those lacerated.—*French Paper.*

THE HICKMAN COURIER

— PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY —

GEORGE WARREN,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY

FRIDAY, : : : APRIL 20, 1883.

Where Does the "Ring" Begin and End?

The same committee that called the Congressional convention, ordered the two for next month. It is the same one that we saw fit to disregard (as you yourself did several years ago, Mr. Courier) in the last Congressional race for the reason that we thought it was acting contrary to the known wishes of the majority, and against the best interest of the party. As to the charge of corruption, we never preferred it. We charged bullheadedness and an attempt to rule or ruin the party which it pretended to represent. As to when its authority shall be respected depends altogether on circumstances. You know the history of the calling of the Paducah convention, and you know that that convention was called to defeat Oscar Turner, and not the Republican candidate. Under similar circumstances the mandates of the committee should be disregarded. When there is danger to the party, the committee's orders should be respected, not because the committee says so, but because the circumstances demand it. We say this for the reason that we do not believe that a committee that has been so severely rebuked as the Graves county committee has, represents the people who delegate to it its power to manage party affairs. Should the committee see fit to resign and the people be allowed to select another, we would be found upholding it.—[Mayfield Democrat.

That the Mayfield *Democrat* acted conscientiously in disregarding the action *of the congressional convention* we sincerely believe, and confess to an admiration for the boldness in which it asserted its convictions and the ability with which it maintained them but it is in error in charging that the "Hickman Courier some years ago" did the same thing. The Hickman Courier during a journalistic life of 23 years *never opposed a democratic nominee*. For many years, all the years since the unfortunate feud of "convention" or "anti-convention" has existed in this district, the Courier has earnestly and persistently argued and begged the party committees to order primary elections in preference to conventions, upon the view that such a course would harmonize the party, and that "conventions would perpetuate the schism. That we have been wounded to the quick at the persistent refusal of these committees to think as we thought; that we have always entertained a splendid opinion of Col. Turner's political ability, and acknowledged a feeling of personal friendship, chiefly because of his friendship and kindnesses to some in whom we feel interested, we freely confess, and therefore, at times, when impelled by these feelings and smarting under the refusal of the Committee to see the situation as we saw it, the Courier has earnestly expressed such views. We believe, and know, that hundreds of as good democrats as we dare be, entertaining views precisely similar to our own, felt it to be their privilege and duty to oppose the nominee, and to such men, acting conscientiously, we have no word of unkindness or reproach. The Courier earnestly favors primary elections, but place "primary elections" in one side the scale and the Democratic party in the other, and the Courier is for the Democratic party, and so the Courier supports the nominee of conventions, but place "conventions on one side and the Democratic party on the other, and it *is still for the Democracy*. In proof of this, we have begged "convention" democrats to forego their preference, and for the sake of harmony, order primary elections.

The *Democrat* says it never charged that the party committees were corrupt, but that it felt justified in disregarding their action because they manifested a spirit of *bullheadedness*. The Courier has confessed to like feelings, but we failed to see wherein democracy was to be benefitted by meeting bullheadedness with bullheadedness. "*Corruption*," in our judgment, is the only charge, that would justify the Courier in repudiating the action of its party, and this charge the *Democrat* refuses to make.

The *Democrat* does say that the Paducah convention was "called to defeat Oscar Turner, and *not the republican* candidate." It is but courtesy to allow that men differing with us are equally as honest as ourself, and by this standard of political etiquette the *Democrat* might say that the Paducah convention was called to maintain democratic principles and organization and to defeat any candidate who opposed its nominee. But, right or wrong hundreds of democrats honestly believed that it was called for the *sole* purpose of defeating Mr. Turner, and hence they worked harder for him. The committees in calling conventions in Congressional contests, and never, or seldom, calling such in elections for Representative, State Senator, &c., have appeared to us singularly inconsistent, and subjected their action to the criticism of being controlled by enmity to Turner. Our theory is, that if it is right to organize in one race, it is better to organize all along the line, and in every instance of organization, let the party make the *issue* for its nominee. After all, we see, that if ever the democratic factions of this District are harmonized, it must be by discipline, and a bold advocacy of *live issues*.

If, as the *Democrat* argues, the allegiance of a Democrat to the nominee is determined by *circumstances*, and each individual as a Democrat to judge *the circumstance*, then indeed would party organization through the primary election plan or "convention," prove a mere rope of sand, because that *circumstance* which would cause the Mayfield *Democrat* to support a nominee might be the very thing to drive off some equally as good a Democrat, and so chaos rule. Hence any body of men, Democrats, Republicans, Masons, Odd Fellows, or soldiers, sincerely desiring the good and success of certain principles, have found that there *must* be some *ultimate authority* to settle these conflicting opinions of the men engaged in a common cause. The "Master" in a Masonic lodge is *the* authority, the *power* is the brotherhood, and yet no good Mason would disregard the *authority* of the Master, because ruin would result to the *cause*, the General of the army is *the* authority, the soldiers the *power* and yet it would not do for each good soldier to disregard [illegible] the General because the [illegible] would [illegible] disorganization, and might bring [illegible] the cause; and so in party matters [illegible] committee is [illegible] authority, the voters the [illegible] and the men who desire the success of their party endanger the cause when they disregard that authority. Neither does this rule trammel any rights of a freeman unless it is slavish for men to work together to secure the success of principles they profess honestly to believe in. If the "Master," the "General," or the "Committee," become corrupt, or abuse their authority, *the power*, in either instance, have a plain, but [illegible] way to be rid of them. For our part we think there is no [illegible] for Democrats outside of organization of some kind and if the agreed source of authority become corrupt or otherwise obnoxious let's get rid of them in the regular way.

THE NUMBER OF VOTERS.

At the approaching August election in this State a vote is to be taken upon the question of revising the State Constitution. The reader knows that to carry the question a majority of all the voters of the State must be recorded in the affirmative. Heretofore resort has been had to the returns of County Assessors by the Auditor of State to determine the whole number of voters. As to this point a law passed at the late session of the Legislature makes a material change. Instead of relying upon the County Assessors' returns—which there is reason to believe, are incomplete and unreliable—the number of voters is to be determined by two voters, called "tellers," appointed for the purpose in each election precinct. It is possible the law has not attracted the notice it deserves and for that reason we give the essential features in full:

SECTION 1. That the county court of each county shall, [illegible] before the general [illegible] be held in August, 1883, appoint two discreet citizens for each [illegible] precinct within the county who shall be styled tellers, and whose duty it shall be to make and return in like manner [illegible] returns of elections for [illegible] that the return may be made by said tellers within ten days after the election a statement of all the citizens entitled to vote within their respective precincts for Representative at said election: *Provided*, That the tellers at each precinct, appointed by the county courts under the provisions of this act, shall be selected from, and belong to, different political parties, provided that there be two or more political parties in each precinct from which to appoint.

SEC. 2. That for the purpose of ascertaining the number of persons so entitled to vote, the said tellers shall take from the poll-books of said election, within six days thereafter, the names of such citizens as lawfully voted for Representatives thereat, and shall, on the next day after making such list, add to it the names of all other citizens entitled as to vote within their respective precincts, which additional names may be ascertained from the personal knowledge of said tellers.

The remaining sections provide for proper returns by the "tellers" and other minor details.

It is not unlikely that the tellers' returns will considerably reduce the whole number of voters as compared with the Assessors returns.

How to Get Better Legislatures.

The Grand Lodge of the Knights of Honor of this State has been in session here for several days, and has done a great deal of important work connected with the interests of the order. An incident of the meeting is worthy of comment. A gentleman of the city, in attendance on the session, was led to remark: "I never saw a more intelligent looking body of men assembled in convention in this State. If we could only get such men in our Legislature what a vast improvement it would be [illegible] what we generally have. Everybody who heard him, agreed with him.—Louisville Com[illegible]

This is certainly very complimentary to the Knights of Honor, or rather rough on the average State Legislatures. There may be something in the manner in which the Knights of Honor and such Lodges choose delegates. Only men of prescribed qualifications can be selected for as a delegate, and such a thing as a *candidate* for the place is unheard of, and would be considered bad taste and even disgraceful. In other words the office seeks the men, and perhaps if the rule was more generally applied in selecting members of the Legislature we would have more capable Representatives.

Office Seekers' Conmutations.

Mr. Linn Boyd is a candidate for Register of the Land Office, subject to the action of the Democratic State convention. In a speech at Frankfort the other day he is reported as saying:

As for combinations long formed in advance of elections he thought there was nothing wrong in that [illegible] of the present State officers had [illegible] combinations to secure their [illegible], and one of the Judges of the high court in the State owed his seat to a combination made by his friends.

Mr. Boyd is at least frank and outspoken.

CRAFT WILL SWING

On the Appointed Day, and Neal Will Be Taken Up Shortly.

The pretenses that testimony has been discovered which will convey West Virginia negroes of the murder of the Gibbons children, are not based on any good grounds. Says the Cincinnati News:

Hon. Keene F. Pridert, one of the ablest lawyers in Eastern Kentucky, was seen by a News reporter yesterday and asked what there was in the apocryphal stories from West Virginia about newly discovered evidence as to the innocence of Neal and Craft.

"Simply the hashed lies of the alleged Detective Burnett," replied the outspoken Kentuckian. "I prosecuted Craft at Grayson," he continued, "and he will be hung at the proper time. I am to argue his case before the Court of Appeals on May 10th, and there is no legal hook upon which to hang a hope of a reversal of the first judgment in his case. The murders were committed Christmas eve night, last December a year, and in all the detective work and in all the judicial investigations that have followed, nothing but confirmation of Ellis' story has been developed. No, sir, Neal, Craft and Ellis are the fiends who committed that crime, unparalleled in the history of Kentucky. Ellis has received his reward, and Neal and Craft will meet theirs. It is only a matter of time, and all stories of the discovery of evidence establishing their innocence are the merest poppycock. One of them has been hung; the other two will be hung by due process of law."

A gentleman from Boyd county states that the negro story is all bosh. He holds that if Craft is granted a new trial it will convince all the people that there is chance for his execution, and that no number of State troops will protect Neal when he is taken to his trial.

A novel mode of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of an English provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shopkeeper and underneath is the following notice: "Wanted, a female companion to the above. Apply at this office.

DYNAMITE AT HOME.

An Alleged Attempt to Blow Up the State Department Building.

Special to the Courier-Journal.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—At dawn this morning a suspicious looking person was seen stealing away from the southern porch of the State Department building. That part of the building is occupied by the chief officers of the Department, and in it are kept the books and papers relating to the dynamite fiends who seek a refuge in the United States to plot and conspire against the British Government. It has been for some time expected that detailed information was being furnished by Minister West to the American Government, respecting the plans of the plotters, and that he has been urging their arrest. The suspicious looking man before mentioned started toward the river at a brisk pace as soon as he saw that he had been discovered. He was pursued, but managed to escape for the time being. It was noticed that he ran with a slouching Irish gait, and that his ill-fitting clothes were plainly of Irish cut and looks.

Later in the day, detectives who are employed by Minister West learned that a man, who answers to the above description, arrived in Washington last Monday and walked to one of the hotels, where he registered himself as "Terrence O'Shaughnessy, Dublin, Ireland." This, it is believed, he did in order to conceal his identity and nationality. Later in the day also an examination of the porch under which the man had been hiding, revealed that an attempt had been or was about to be made to blow up the State Department. A black rubber bag about twelve inches in length and depth was found. It is supposed to contain nitro glycerine or some other explosive compound. It has been carried to the arsenal, where a chemical analysis of the contents will be made.

The whole affair has been kept as secret as possible, but the necessity of consulting the British Minister was imperative. He was sent for and the whole plot laid before him. When he left the Department he was observed to be greatly agitated, and to an enterprising journalist who accosted him he was unwilling to impart any information beyond that detailed. Inquiry at the hotel where the man stopped discloses the fact that he left without paying his bill, and that in his room was found an old advertisement, evidently clipped from a Dublin newspaper, giving [illegible] of the sailing of the steamers from Queenstown, together with an empty whisky flask wrapped in a fragment of the Irish World. There [illegible] clews leave no doubt in the minds of Secretary Frelinghuysen and Minister West that O'Shaughnessy was not the mysterious stranger's real name. In fact they are convinced that he was an Irishman. Some of the State Department officials believe that the man was "No 1." Every clew is being followed which can possibly lead to his arrest and his identification with the man who left the black bag under the porch of the State Department. It may be that the river will be dragged in order to discover whether, with true Irish cunning, he has hidden himself in the waters of the Potomac.

The foregoing statement labors under the disadvantage of being entirely unfounded in fact, but it is quite as true as the sensational dispatches that have been sent out from Washington on this subject for some weeks past.

The Hickman Courier's Question.

From the Paducah News.

The able editor of the Hickman Courier will do a great favor to many inquiring souls if he will explain the explanation of the Mayfield Democrat in regard to the Courier's question, in a late issue: "Where does the 'ring' begin and end?" The Democrat says it is not the authority of the authorities, the Committees of the Democratic party, but the circumstances which should govern the voters in favor of or opposition to the nominees. This would dispense with party organization altogether, as every man being a law unto himself in regard to party fealty, nothing but chaos could ensue. It is not circumstances which are in dispute but who shall be the judge of said circumstances, the Committee, or each man individually [illegible] mand obedience we shall have a strong well organized force to meet all enemies, without or within the party. If the contrary rule is correct we shall have nothing but an unorganized mob, easily defeated by almost any enemy that acts with system and discipline.

If the present committee should resign and another be appointed in its place, the trouble is not disposed of by that fact at all. The question of obedience or revolt from authority would still arise just the same as now. No large number of men can work together without system, and no system can be long maintained without obedience to those in charge of the direction of the whole. Men without organization may move together on one question for a short time and like a storm at that, injuring both friend and foe, but the whirlwind of feeling, guided by passion instead of prudence, however terrible, is sure to be soon scattered far and wide, leaving only wreck and repentance.

As far as those sincerely desiring the good and success of the Democratic party are concerned, the Courier's question remains unanswered, and as its proper solution involves so much of the political interests of the country and especially this Congressional district, it is hoped the editor will keep the interrogation before the people, and continue to discuss the question which he handles so well.

Hon. Oscar Turner Tells What He Thinks of "The Land of Flowers."

Hon. Oscar Turner, with his son Oscar, returned from a trip to Florida yesterday and is stopping at the Louisville Hotel, where Mrs. Turner has for some time been quite sick. A reporter of the Post met him this morning and asked what he thought of the country:

"It is the most God-forsaken spot on earth," said he. "You can get nothing to eat there and nothing to drink. The greater portion of the State will afford life to neither man nor beast. The forests are bare except of pine trees. The open land is covered with palms. A goat that can live on oyster cans and newspapers would starve there. As for vegetables there is no such thing. The only vegetable I put in my mouth was brought from the North in jars. I did not expect mutton or beef, but I did expect fish, and got none that I could eat. The hotels are filled with Northern people and in front of each hotel is a little wharf. Walk out on it, and catfish will plunge about you in the hope of getting bread, which the visitors often throw to them. Drop a beef-bone among them, and they will fight each other like tigers. Many of them bear the scars and gashes of repeated conflicts. Beck, who is there, watched them intently, and while doing so, dropped his gold spectacles. One caught the choice morsel and gulped it down. But even the catfish are unfit for food.

"There are a few deer, but they live by plunging their heads in water and eating moss at the bottom. There is but one spot in this country so sterile, and that is the blighted desert south of Salt Lake. I would not have a deed to every inch of land from Montgomery to St. Augustine as a gift. Oh! it is a deplorable region."

"But they call it the land of flowers!"

"Land of flowers? I did not see but three rose bushes in the whole State. Even flowers won't grow there. Peas won't grow, and as for tomatoes, I don't believe there is one in the State."

"But why do so many people go there?"

"God only knows; I don't. I didn't see one but one good looking woman in the State. The hotels are crowded with people who cough all night. There is no such thing as sleep. Then the country is full of malaria. Nobody can live there. I got away as soon as possible, and did not get a square meal until I reached Louisville."

GEN. W. CARLTON, OF PEMISCOT,

Gives His Views as to the Cause of the Great Floods of 1883.

[illegible]

Mr. Easteur's theory in regard to an annual deluge, so far as it goes, is correct. The clearing off of timber and in up forms along the banks of our large rivers of the North and Northwest, clearing obstructions out of the [illegible] creeks and bayous cutting ditches into them in order to drain the millions of acres opened up by the husbandman, all contribute to swell the mighty volume of water that passes down the Mississippi river to the gulf. This in itself is sufficient to cause an overflow. But this is not all. In the scientific world we have obstructionists as well as in the political world. We have men wise in their [illegible], but not worth a cent practically. These men must have their way until time demonstrates the fact that their theories are not founded upon principles of sound philosophy. We have the Eads and Cowden theories concerning the Mississippi river problem. One is deducible from certain laws of hydrostatics taught in the scientific world, and has the sanction of the learned. The other is a theory founded upon the long experience, and scrutiny of the laws governing the floods of this great river. A system of so-called improvements has been inaugurated along the banks of the river below Cairo which in their very nature and reason common sense must condemn. The closing up of the heads of passes, chutes and [illegible], which distribute the waters and pass them off to the gulf, and the building of these levees, narrowing the water way, positively obstructs and retards the [illegible] as it flows onward to the sea. This flow should be assisted by the ingenuity of men and not retarded. I see no way to solve the problem but to straighten the river, commencing below and work [illegible] up, reopen the passes that have been [illegible] remove all obstructions from [illegible] passes and channels through which the water seeks the ocean.

Levees will never prevent overflows in our great valley. Experience [illegible] country has demonstrated [illegible] some of the rivers rise in [illegible] ratio with the levees upon [illegible] banks. The Mississippi river is not an exception to the law. We are [illegible] where the levees have [illegible] that the bottom of the river is [illegible]. For instance at Helena. The bottom of the river at its lowest point last year was eight feet above the low water mark of the year before. And at the same time it was ascertained that the bottom of the river had filled up eight feet. About New Madrid the river bed has filled in with sand within the last four years [illegible] feet.

If this established theory of levees and obstructions of the natural channels for the water is persisted in, it will not be many years before our great [illegible] will become depopulated. But I [illegible] the people will get their eyes open before we are hopelessly ruined, and come to our rescue. GEO. W. CARLTON.

POLITE GAMBLERS.

How the Colonel and the Major Settled a Dispute.

On the train between Montgomery, Ala., and Nashville, Tenn., there were [illegible] of us chatting away in a smoking car when one of the men drew out a pack of cards and proposed a game of euchre. He soon found a partner, and after a few hands they began playing for a dollar a point and ten points to a game. Naturally enough we all became interested and more or less excited. By and by there was a slip somewhere, and the one called Colonel remarked:

"Major, hands off the cards!"

"Beg your pardon, Colonel, but the trick is mine."

"Major, I hope you will excuse me for calling you a liar?"

"Oh certainly, Colonel, but I take that trick with the king of spades."

"If you do Colonel I will take you with this!" said the Colonel as his shooter came out.

"Ah! let me see, Colonel—let me see. You led the nine of spades and I put on the king."

"No, Major, I led the ace of hearts and you refused suit."

"[illegible]," said the Major as he looked over the cards. "Colonel, I beg your pardon for having taken you for a black-leg."

"Oh, don't mention it. Excuse me for having hesitated to shoot you when I believed you to be a Chicago gambler. It's your play Major!"

Tired of The Exodusters.

From the New York World.]

Republicans when they go West change their sky but not their noble minds. The Atchison Champion forecasts the future of negroes in Kansas in this impartial way: The sober, the industrious, the decent and progressive people among the colored men will continue to be Republicans. But the dissolute, the depraved, the vicious among the colored people will gravitate to the Democratic ranks. This class cannot be counted on in the future as Republicans. Why not, if this class has been counted on in the past? What sudden spasm of virtue has made the Republicans too proud to associate with the colored men whom they have made dissolute, depraved and vicious? Or does the Champion give up the negro vote because the negroes have found out the hollowness of the Republican cant, and are no longer to be wheedled by such sweet words as "sober, industrious and decent" into supporting the party which caresses them as long as they blindly obey it, and black guards them the moment they think and act for themselves? The morality of the grand old party is bearing fruit in bleeding Kansas as well as elsewhere.

Bain in the East.

Mr. Bain is lecturing in the East to crowded houses. In Brooklyn, N. Y., the tabernacle was crowded and many turned away. A Pennsylvania daily says of his lecture in Chambersburg: "A crowded house, to the credit of Chambersburg—greeted Mr. Bain in his lecture last night. We use but faint language when we say that the audience to a man was delighted and charmed by the lecture. Like the grand mountains, his lovely valleys and delightful 'side tracks' remarks, Mr. Bain's powers of description and appeal are simply indescribable." This is the lecture Mr. Bain is to give on the 4th of May for the benefit of the two unions in this city. Louisville will no doubt show him that he is appreciated at home as well as abroad.—Courier Journal.

Hard on Burglars.

Peck's Sun.]

It is getting so that even burglars are seriously interfered with in the [illegible] of their professions. A recent invention is connected with a safe and is so arranged that when the burglar touches the safe an electric light is thrown upon the face of the burglar, and a prepared plate inside the safe door transfers the man's picture, so he can be identified. If this thing keeps on a poor burglar will have to send an agent to burgle for him, or he will get into trouble. The life of a burglar is becoming full of terrors. Not long ago a woman whose room was being burgled woke up and made the burglar stay to lunch, and listen to a lecture on the wickedness of his profession, and recently a burglar was surprised while going through the residence of an editor, and the editor sat up in bed and insisted on the burglar playing him a game of seven up for his burglar tools, and the burglar went away without his tools.

A Land of Snakes

From Harper's Monthly for May.

During the year 1881 eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy [illegible] were destroyed in India by snakes. The cattle killed would, it is supposed, aggregate double that number. At the same time, 254,697 poisonous snakes are alleged, to have been killed in the same year. Bad as are our American copperheads and rattlesnakes, they are as harmless as sucking doves compared with their ferocious kinsfolk in Hindostan.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

901 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

Professional Cards.

B. F. O'DANIEL, M. D.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.
Office—Corner room in Laclede House.

DR. A. A. FARIS,

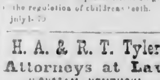
PHYSICAN AND SURGEON,

HICKMAN, — — KENTUCKY

OFFERS his Professional Services to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.
jan1-'80

DR. A. M. FARKER

DENTIST



[Office in Millet Block.]

ALL operations performed in a [illegible] manner. Special attention given to the regulation of children's teeth.
july1-'79

H. A. & R. T. Tyler

Attorneys at Law,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

WILL ATTEND TO ALL BUSINESS entrusted to their care.
Office—Millet Block.
nov8-'78

C. Hughlette Wilson

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HICKMAN, KY.

COLLECTIONS promptly remitted. Abstracts of titles a specialty.

C. L. RANDLE

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Collector, Real Estate Agent

HICKMAN, KY.

Will attend promptly to all [illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible] Special attention given to [illegible] of land titles, and the purchase and sale of Real Estate. [Jan8

JAMES KOGER.

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

SUCCEEDING

E. S. RHEA & SON,

— OF —

Nashville, Tennessee,

DEALERS IN

GRAIN, &c

RESUMED.

MR. R. B. BREVARD

respectfully announces to the public that he has resumed business, on Clinton street, ground floor of COURIER office, and that he is now opening a splendid stock, entirely new, of

HARDWARE, TINWARE,
CUTLERY, &c., &c.

and would be pleased to have all friends and customers to call and see him.

Confidential

Those indebted to him on last year's business, are respectfully requested to come forward and settle up, as he stands greatly in need of cash.

FOR SALE, CHEAP!

Six Acres of Heavily Timbered Land in the suburbs of

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

on Young Street, between the Dresden road and Holly Street. Young Street will be opened, so that easy access can be had to it. The timber will more than pay for the land. Enquire of R. T. Tyler, or Thos. Dillon, Sr.

SAMUEL SIESEL'S

Trade Palace

UNION CITY, TENN.

In consideration of our rapidly increasing trade from our sister city, Hickman, we feel that it is a duty we owe our numerous Hickman friends and customers, to let them know through the columns of their local paper, what we are doing that will interest them. The popularity of the Trade Palace is fast gaining ground, which is caused by the fact that the people, not only of Hickman, but of ALL our

SURROUNDING TOWNS

flock to see us every day. They are fast becoming familiar with these stubborn facts, that the Trade Palace has the largest stock, the greatest variety, and names lower prices than any house within the boundaries of the several surrounding counties.

We have put forth an unusual effort this spring to secure the very choicest goods at the lowest possible prices, and are now in a position to make it to the interest of every one who comes to see us. The Trade Palace is filled to overflowing with the choicest productions of the spring of '83, and the prices we name has "taken the wind out of the sail" of all competition. We are offering

REAL GENUINE BARGAINS

in every line of goods kept by us, and when you need anything in our line it will pay you well to come and see us as we can save you a handsome per cent. on all your purchases. We display choice fabrics and leading styles in Gents and Boys Clothing, and name prices on them that no other house can duplicate. In

BOOTS AND SHOES,

we are the acknowledged head-quarters. In Millinery and Hair Goods, we lead the way, and are having a regular "boom" this spring in this department. In

DRESS GOODS,

we display the choicest fabrics and latest novelties, with every conceivable style of Trimmings to match.

In Gents and Boys Hats, we are prepared to meet your views both in style and price. We have them in every known shape and color, in Wool, Felt, Silk and Straw Goods, ranging in price all the way from 5 cents to 5 dollars.

In Carpets, Oil Cloths, Curtains, Cornices, Trunks, Valises, etc., etc., we have a large and varied assortment, and the price we name on them will interest you.

If you have never dealt at the Trade Palace, come and see us just once; give us a trial, and we will convince you by the prices we name that you can save money by coming to Union City.

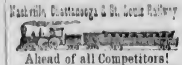
SAMUEL SIESEL,

Leader and maker of Low Prices,

Union City, Tenn.

RAILROADS.

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway



Ahead of all Competitors!

BUSINESS MEN, TOURISTS, EMIGRANTS, FAMILIES, REMEMBER

THE Best Route to the Summer resorts and Mountain retreats of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas, via McKENZIE and NASHVILLE.

THE Best Route to the celebrated Colleges, Universities, Seminaries and other Educational Institutions in the Southeast, via McKENZIE and NASHVILLE.

THE Best Route to Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Columbia, Charlotte, Knoxville, Lynchburg, Richmond, Norfolk, Washington, via McKENZIE, NASHVILLE and CHATTANOOGA.

Don't Forget It!

By this Line you secure the
ACME OF SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, AND SATISFACTION,
— AT THE —
MINIMUM OF EXPENSE, ANXIETY BOTHER AND FATIGUE.

Be sure to buy your tickets over the
N. C. & ST. L. R'Y.

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELER need not go [illegible], few changes are necessary, and such as are unavoidable are made in Union Depots.

THROUGH SLEEPERS!

BETWEEN

Memphis and Nashville, Columbus and Nashville, St. Louis and Nashville, McKenzie and Nashville, Nashville and Louisville, Nashville and Chattanooga and Nashville and Atlanta, connecting with Sleepers to Florida points.

For further information call on your nearest R. R. Station Agent, or address
A. Y. STEVENS, P. A., Dallas, Tex.
JAS. SPEED, Ticket Agent, Memphis, Tenn.
W. L. DANLEY, G. P. and T. A., Nashville.

L & N

(LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.)

THE GREAT

Through Trunk Line

CINCINNATI, LEXINGTON, LOUISVILLE, EVANSVILLE, ST. LOUIS, N. ORLEANS, MOBILE, and MONTGOM'Y, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE

Without Change and with Speed Unrivaled

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE
From Memphis, Milan, and Humboldt to the

NORTH & EAST

PULLMAN CARS Without Change from above cities to Louisville and but one change to principal NORTHERN AND EASTERN CITIES.

THREE TRAINS DAILY
By this line, making
SURE CONNECTIONS AND QUICKEST TIME
combined with
SAFETY AND COMFORT.

EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special low rates.

See Agents of this Company for rates, routes &c., or write C. P. ATMORE, G. P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

FRITZ SCHROEDER,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

SHOP North West corner of Moscow and Troy Avenues, East Hickman, Ky. Satisfaction guaranteed.
may

BEER SALOON

H. F. FETHE,

KEEPS fresh beer on tap all the time. Will serve customers promptly and courteously.

C. A. TALIAFERRO,

THE JEWELER,

Can be found at J. W. Cowgill's Drug Store. All work warranted.

JOHN KOSS.

The Shoe-Maker.

One of the best BOOT and SHOEMAKERS Western Kentucky. Patronage Solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
REPAIRING done promptly and neat.

CLINTON STREET, HICKMAN, KY

New Grocery!

JACKSON STREET, [Tyler new Block] } HICKMAN, KY.

D. L. GOLDBERG,

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

My Stock is New and Fresh, and will be sold at prices that will be especially attractive to buyers.

LIQUORS

GIVE ME A CALL!

Commissioner's Notice,

Fulton Circuit Court.

J. H. Plout's Adm'r, Plaintiff, Against His Heirs & Creditors, Defts } Equity.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of J. H. Plout, deceased, that the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an Order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, Ky., from the date hereof until the 4th Monday of July, 1883, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner Fulton Circuit Court

FIELD SEED OF ALL KINDS,

Lime and Cement, Land-Plaster,

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

BOULDURANT & DREWRY.

LOCAL NEWS.

For the State Senate

We are authorized to announce C. M VAUGHAN as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman, Fulton and Graves, in the next Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August next.

Gen. Butler says he hasn't got the Presidential bee in his bonnet.

10c. Vermifuge 25c.
Fortune's Vermifuge, for sale only, at,
FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

A number of Hickman ladies are to attend the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival.

Plaut Bros. & Co., will sell you the best heavy Brown Domestic for 6cts, a yard.

The reports from all parts of the State are favorable to a large fruit crop, except cherries.

Warner's Kidney and Liver Cure, and other leading patent medicines, at,
FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

The steamer H. A. Tyler is laying up at Cairo, and Capt. Turner, is now taking a rest at his home in Hickman.

Plaut Bros. & Co., are selling a good Full Stock Plow Shoe for $1.00.

The wheat prospect in this section is the best known for years, and the acreage about an average.

Bazell's & Amberg's Perfumery,
Orange Blossom, Stephanotis, Frangipanni, with other brands, at,
FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

Hickman is still sighing for a new City Hall, Opera House, or whatever you may want to call it.

Dr. Ragland's Tetter Ointment cures Tetter, Eczema, Itch, Scaldhead Itching Piles, and all other diseases. Sold by
J W COWGILL.

The Democratic State Convention to nominate candidates for State offices will be held at Louisville, May 16th, 1883

LARGE STOCK OF INKS, "of assorted colors," cheap and good, at,
FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

H. A. Tyler, left Tuesday morning, for an extensive tour through Texas and the Northwestern States, in the interest of his furniture factory

Go to Plaut Bros & Co. to buy your Dress Goods. They will sell you all wool bunting for 10@12½cts, per yard that other merchants ask you 20@25cts, per yard

Senator Vest, of Missouri, is sure that a Democratic President will be elected in 1884. Hence he is preparing to make his residence in Washington

Toilet Soap, fine stock of the best at
FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

Butter still stands at the old prices of 20 and 25 cents per pound, while eggs are jumping up and down at 12½ and 15 cents

Lightning Relief cures Toothache and Earache. Sold by
J W COWGILL.

The Charleston Board of Health states that not a case of yellow fever has been at the quarantine station this year, nor on any vessel touching there.

REMEMBER,
Prescriptions a leading specialty at,
FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE

The President has granted permission to the King of the Sandwich Islands to coin his gold and silver at our mints. The Director of the Mint is now drawing up the regulations

We have just received a full line of Boys, Youths and Gents Clothing, something nobby and nice, that we will sell you at bottom prices. Call and see for yourself.
PLAUT BROS & CO

A small negro boy by the name of Tolly, stole a pocket book containing $40 from Mr W. G. Hagan, one day last week, but the father of the boy found it out, and returned the money to Mr. Hagan

If you only want a dollars worth of Goods it will pay you to go to Plaut Bros & Co., they are bottom on all classes of goods.

Mr. Jno. W Cowgill, of Hickman, was elected Grand Assistant Dictator for the State of Kentucky of the Knights of Honor, at the recent session of the Grand Lodge at Louisville. A worthy selection

Mr. E. Case, postmaster, has been absent in Washington city, the past week, and will return probably to-morrow. His visit to Washington, we learn, was relative to the Hickman post-office appointment.

Plaut Bros & Co., will sell you 25 yards of calico for $1.00

The Sheriff of Mississippi county, and a deputy U. S. Marshal, Monday last, arrested Green Walker, of James Bayou, Mo., under the charge of selling illicit whiskey, and passed through Hickman with the prisoner, Monday, carrying him to St. Louis for trial.

LADIES, you will find Readymixed Paints, of all shades of color, for sale at
J. W. COWGILL'S.

Mr. James Bookham, of this county, has a prolific sow, which well illustrates how hog raising will pay. From this one sow last year, he grew 1600 lbs. of meat for home use, sold $110 worth on the market, and had 9 pigs weighing 100 lbs., each left, and besides since January she has brought forth a litter of 17 pigs.

Go to Plaut Bros. & Co., to buy your Shoes, they have the most complete line of Ladies, Misses and Childrens shoes, ever brought to Hickman, which they will sell cheaper than the cheapest.

Plaut Bros. & Co., have a complete line of Ladies full regular Lilan Thread Hose, in all the latest shades and colors. Ladies are requested to call and see them

Dr. Ragland's Lightning Relief is a sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. For sale by
J. W. COWGILL.

Now is the time to buy you a nice White or Colored Counterpaine. Plaut Bros. & Co., are selling them at 75cts. The same cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $1.25.

Call and see our Stock of SPRING CLOTHING. The nicest line ever brought to the city.
J AMBERG'S SONS.

Plaut Bros. & Co., will sell you a nice Sunday Shoe for your boy for 75cts.

TO THE AFFLICTED

Why do you suffer when you can get a Hard Rubber Celluoid Truss, warranted to last you 5 years, at
J. W. COWGILL'S.

Young men, if you want something nobby and nice in the way of a Hat, call around and look through the stock of
PLAUT BROS. & CO.

A large and well selected assortment of Ladies, mens, and Childrens, CUSTOM MADE SHOES, just received at
J AMBERG'S SONS

After a brief bridal trip, Mrs. Zenn Young, nee Miss Jessie Turner, is in Hickman visiting her parents, Mr. Young, returning to Madisonville. There is romance in this, Mr. Young was on a visit to his affianced, (to whom he was to be married in a few months) and urged that the marriage be consummated at once To this the bride finally agreed on condition that she was not called upon to go to her new home until she had time to have proper trousseau prepared. This was agreed to and the parties married. Zenn from his lonely sanctum now quaffs this toast:

> Here's a health to all those that we love,
> Here's a health to all those that love us,
> Here's a health to all those that love them
> That love those that love them
> That love us.

The Fulton people complain, and very justly so too, that their trade has been injured by false and exaggerated reports as to small pox at that place. This is true, but by the by, wasn't the people of Fulton, themselves, to blame for much of this exaggeration? They had Dr. Luton who had charge of the case, put under arrest, and it added excitement to the public mind. The great Dr. Watson as to danger from such sources says:

"After having practiced medicine sixty years in London, he has never known a single instance when this contagion was carried from one person to another in the clothes of a physician."

But the excessive caution at the Fulton makes made it appear that there was danger, and hence more excitement

Reliable authority reports that there is no small-pox at Fulton, and has not been but two cases this season, and these two cases were promptly quarantined a mile or two from town. The business of Fulton has been made to suffer materially from false and exaggerated reports. The public is assured that there is not a particle of danger, and if they have business at Fulton, go and attend to it

Col. Jno. C. Noble, the ablest political writer in Kentucky, is being urged through the Paducah papers to become a candidate for the Legislature at the approaching election. McCracken county would honor itself by his election, and the Democracy but feebly compliment a veteran who has fought a hundred battles for the party and never one against it.

Island 65, in the Mississippi river, 140 miles below Memphis, has been entirely swept away by the late flood. Pilots, who recently passed South, using its forest-covered surface as a beacon by night, are prone surprise at its sudden disappearance

The Nashville Carnival of Music, which will commence May 21, and continue 6 days, will be an event of general interest and pleasure. The military feature of it will not be the least attractive. Eight thousand two hundred and fifty dollars will be given in premiums

The large number of boats towing barges up and down the river is astonishing, and this mode of transportation is increasing rapidly. The lines are arranging to leave barges, on order, at all regular landings precisely as cars are now left at railroad depots when wanted

Hickman hasn't had a circus for two years and the people are happy and prosperous without them—all except Pleas Taylor and our friend Mr. ——, in the country!

The dwelling house of Mr W. D Greay about 8 miles from Hickman, in Obion county, Tenn. was destroyed by fire, Tuesday night last, and [illegible] the house, and we learn saved but one bed.

Mr Charles Kingman has bought an interest in the Laclede Hotel, and he and Mr Wally Turner will hereafter run that [illegible]

Mr Will J[illegible], the [illegible] salesman, is now a partner in the well known house of Plaut Bros & Co. He will prove a valuable addition to the house

Grand Lodge Knights of Honor.

At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Honor, which was just closed its session at Louisville, the following officers were elected: Grand Dictator, J. B. Ewan, of Covington; Grand Vice Dictator, S. H. Yost, Jr., of Greensville; Grand Reporter, J. A. Demaree, of Louisville; Grand Treasurer, T. B. Dennis, of Louisville; Grand Chaplain, A. J. Hess of Columbus; Grand Guide, William Hall, of Mayfield; Grand Guardian, J. T. Carpenter, of Fisherville; Grand Sentinel, R. H. Bunce, of Paducah; Grand Trustees, S. M. Benard, of Louisville, J. H. Hancock, of Hopkinsville, and H. E. Thompson, of Paducah; Supreme Representatives, John T. Milburn and A. G. Caruth, of Louisville, and J. C. Wickliffe, of Bardstown; Alternate Supreme Representative, George W. Cheek and W. B. Fleming, of Louisville and Lewis C. Garrigus, of Russellville; State Medical Examiner, Dr. H. C. Miller, of Louisville.

The Hickman Lodge was highly complimented by the election of Mr. Jno. W. Cowgill as Grand Assistant Dictator.

The River Leaving New Orleans.

Fears are entertained, and there seems to be good grounds for the apprehension, that the Mississippi river intends to leave New Orleans and seek for itself a new outlet to the sea by way of the Atchafalaya bayou, which runs in a course partly parallel to the Mississippi till it reaches the gulf. Its length is only 169 miles, while the Mississippi from the mouth of Red river to the Gulf is 327 miles. The bayou, or river as it is now called, was fordable at many points forty years ago and the country about it was never overflowed. It has been widening and deepening very fast for the last few years and is now in many places 1,000 feet wide and 100 feet deep, and the lands along its banks are continually subject to overflow. The path it takes being more direct than that of the father of waters, the current is much more swift, in some places running several miles an hour. Capt. Eads was heard to declare not long since that in two years more at the present rate the Atchafalaya will be the main stream and the Mississippi only a secondary one

Republican County Convention.

The Republicans of Fulton county are respectfully requested to meet in Mass convention, at the court house, in Hickman, on Saturday, April 28, 1883, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State convention which is to meet in Lexington May 25, 1883, to nominate Republican candidates for Governor and other State offices. A full attendance requested.

J. C. Reed,
E. Case,
B. Mathews, } Committee

Lead of fine quality has been discovered in Ballard county, near Wickliffe. The ore is said to exist in quantities and the find has created some excitement in the county. W. F. Norton, of Louisville, is a large owner of land lying in and around Wickliffe.

Written for the Hickman Courier.

"GERALDINE."

A SKETCH OF MY FATHER'S EARLY LIFE—HIS FIRST LOVE.

BY S. L. S.

(Continued from last week.)

> [illegible]
> That ancient pile, the [illegible], he wondered
> And again he [illegible]
> [illegible]
> A thrill of joy [illegible] Arthur's being,
> [illegible] raised, and [illegible]
> [illegible] her lovely lips
> [illegible] in transport
> [illegible] hopes, of
> That she in breathless silence sat until at length,
> She placed [illegible] upon his arm
> And in a trembling voice she breathed the word
> "beware."
> "A few short months ago [illegible]," said she—
> "And even then [illegible] I was loved
> That the one [illegible] heart could prize
> Was offered [illegible] my destiny
> [illegible] but meek endurance,
> [illegible] sweet cup of bliss,
> [illegible]
> [illegible] betrothed
> [illegible] my father with it
> He vows [illegible] shall wed.
> [illegible]
> [illegible] 'neath yonder pillar's shade—
> [illegible]
> [illegible] watched the
> [illegible] back to him
> Their parting words
> [illegible] placed his hand upon her arm,
> And in a cold, stern voice repeated, 'beware,'
> Then quietly he bade her follow him
> The evening shadows crept round arch and dome
> Till in one [illegible] pall of darkness it crept
> That mighty pile so rich with legends [illegible] of old.
> The gentle moon stole forth,
> And o'er the ruins smiled, her soft benignant rays
> Illumined and beautified the whole, [illegible]
> [illegible] Time a relentless hand
> Had crushed that mighty fabric
> Leaving but a record sad of what imperial
> Rome had been.
> [illegible] young Arthur waited;
> [illegible] the changing thoughts
> [illegible]
> With a tone of love, of hope, he breathless waited;
> [illegible]
> [illegible] in fact,
> A page [illegible] placed a note in Arthur's hand,
> [illegible] a spirit of the past
> In [illegible] all around,
> Arthur [illegible]
> And by the [illegible] read as follows:
> "Life is full of sorrow, Arthur,
> My father heard our parting words this morn.
> Now, [illegible] prisoned bird I pine
> Within a gilded cage [illegible] my keeper.
> I [illegible] thee, but thoughts may wander
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> I know not where [illegible]
> We meet no more. Oh, follow not, for fear of ill
> Like midnight's dreary pall, [illegible] upon my soul.
> Remember I shall love thee still,
> Even though my father's will may give
> [illegible] my heart must still
> Belong to thee. [illegible]
> [illegible] England [illegible] forget
> [illegible]
> A few [illegible] but she who shed it
> Was [illegible] far away
> Arthur [illegible]
> [illegible] some tidings of his
> [illegible]
> He alas [illegible] was gone, and all was shrouded in
> Deep mystery.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Small-pox has been raging in Nashville for sometime past, and a strict quarantine was instituted.

Morgan's men will have a reunion at Lexington, Ky., on the 24th of July next, when the ex-members of the organization will come from many States to meet once more with their old companions in arms.

Since the United States has prohibited Chinese immigration by act of Congress, they have begun to go to British Columbia, and the people of that territory are taking steps to prohibit them from settling in British Columbia.

The celebrated white elephant the Great Eastern, cost its unfortunate proprietors $20,000 for maintenance in the past year, while her total earnings are represented by the miserable sum of $60, which was received as visitors fees.

Rumors come from the Southwest of impending action by settlers that will incense the Indians to war. In the event that they are thus driven to excesses, the strange spectacle is promised of the army standing up for the right of the Indians as against their white oppressors.

Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt pays his head cook $7,000 a year. Talk about fat places. This is much more than any State officer of Kentucky gets as salary, but then a cook must know how to do it, or he loses his place, which does not always follow in the case of a public officer.—[Covington Commonwealth.

President Arthur met a party of Seminole Indians at Kissimee, Fla. The telegraph states that he gave a papoose a quarter, and presented "Tom Tigertail" with a cigar. Secretary Chandler, unable to control himself during this touching scene, whipped out his pocket-knife and gave it to Tigertail.

Nearly 200 Mormon converts, recruited through the Southern States, left Chattanooga on the 20th ult, on a special train on the Cincinnati Southern road for Freemont, Utah Territory. They were from Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, and were converted by the efforts of Elder John Morgan and his assistants.

The new Compulsion Education law of Rhode Island requires that every child between the ages of 7 and 15 years shall have sixteen weeks of schooling each year. No child under 12 is to be allowed to work in any manufactory, and no one under 14 who cannot write his name, age, and place of residence, or read some part of the State Constitution.

Governor Blackburn says that he pardoned the indicted prostitutes at Lexington, in order to prevent the filthy details of the trials being heralded through the country to the disgust of all decent people. He saw no good in the prosecution of these women, who had no reputation to lose, and who would try to drag as many good people into the matter as they could, while the minds of the young would be contaminated by the parade of the evidence in the case.

RESISTLESS

As the foam-crested breakers of old ocean when they rush in furious majesty on our rock-bound coasts,

GRAY'S PRICES

Have gathered in his three great branches, a mighty [illegible], and to-day they blow in a resistless tide before the people of Savannah, of Augusta and of Nashville, carrying everything before them and dwarfing to insignificance every effort of competition.

Among The Embarrassments

Of the settlement season when sadly and sorrowfully proud houses bow down in the dust

ONE GIANT CONCERN

Lifts its crest proudly aloft, and Gray, of Savannah, and Augusta, and Nashville, armed with unlimited ready cash, throws on these panic-stricken markets,

SUCH UNRIVALLED PRICES AS THESE!

35,000 yards Worsted Dress, at 10cts, worth 20cts; 3,500 yards Brocades (silk finish), at 12½cts, worth 25cts; 1,500 yards Damasks and Satin Stripes, at 15cts, worth 30 cts; 1,200 yards Fancy Plaids, Stripes and Solids, at 25cts—just one half the regular price; 5,00 yards Black Cashmere, at 25cts; 2,500 Black Cashmere, 35cts, 40cts, 45cts, 55cts, 60cts, and up to $150; ELEGANT BLACK GROS GRAIN SILK, at 85cts, 95cts, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1 75, $2.00, and up to $3.50—a clear cut of 25 per cent. off regular price.

TOWELS—300 dozen all Linen Towels, at $1.20, worth $1.65; 350 dozen all Linen Towels at $2.00, worth $3.00; 250 dozen all Linen Towels, at $2.50, worth $3.75; 275 dozen all Linen Towels, at $3.00, worth $4.50.

TABLE DAMASK—50 pieces Turkey red and Damask (fast colors), at 50cts, good value for 75cts; 38 pieces Bleach Damask, at 60cts, worth 85cts; 25 pieces Bleach Damask, at 75cts, worth $1.00; 15 pieces Barnsley's Satin Damask, at $1.00, $1.25 and $2.50—just fifty cents on the dollar

BLANKETS—Elegant California Blankets 11-4, 12-4, 13-4, prices reduced from $20,-00 to $15.00, from $18.50 to $13.50, from $12.50 to $9.50; 250 pairs (slightly soiled), at from $2.00 to $4.75; Comforts, 10-4, from 90cts to $1.75—A GREAT BARGAIN.

Wool Hosiery, Merino Hosiery, Fleeced Lined Hosiery—full line of Merino Underwear AT COST.

White Flannels, Red Flannels, Opera Flannels, at Bottom Prices,

C. P. GRAY & CO.,

173 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRIED.

In Hickman, on Tuesday morning the 17th instant, at the Planters House, by the Rev. Mr. Pinder, Mr. Green Haley and Mrs Francis Logan, both of James Bayou, Mo.

On and after May 1st the tax on cigars will be only three dollars per thousand. At present it is six dollars.

One Paducah hunter has killed 9,160 rabbits in the last six months. There is nothing like having a trustworthy dog.

The present Governor and Assistant Secretary of State are from Louisville, and Louisville wants the next Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General.

The bachelor Governor of New York fights shy of social parties. Mr. Cleveland appears to understand that when a man is once married, he ceases to govern.

Mr. Hayes positively declines to become a candidate for Governor of Ohio. Mr. Hayes is shrewd enough to know when the United States army is at his back and when it isn't.

The authorities of the State of Louisiana have already begun to detain vessels coming from Central and South America, by quarantine for ten days, to prevent the introduction of yellow fever.

A movement is on foot in New York to do away with the three days grace allowed on commercial paper. The plea for abolishing this custom which has so long existed is, that it would greatly simplify interest charges and collections.

The prize twin steers of the world are on exhibition in Allentown Pa. These steers are only 4 years old, weigh 7,300 pounds, and are valued at $10,000. Col. Callahan, who has the cattle in charge, will take them to London to compete against the world at the great International Cattle show, to be held in that city shortly.

Mr. Charles Wolf, dry goods merchant of Fulton, made an assignment this week, assets and liabilities not known to us. Mr. Albert Leet is the assignee.

Mr. H. F. Fothe has bought the Stearns lot in the burnt district, and we learn will erect a brick thereon this season. The boom continues.

The Arkansas Legislature has passed a law which prohibits for two years the selling of liquors within two miles of any church or schoolhouse except on petition of a majority of the adult inhabitants.

Congress appropriated $10,000 at its last session for a new granite monument to be erected over the grave of Thomas Jefferson, to replace the old one which has been chipped off and almost carried away by relic hunters.

Prof. T. B. Daniel, a professor of Music, of Milan, Tenn., visited Hickman, this week, and electrified many of our best judges of music by the exquisite skill of his performance. He is at present teaching at Caruthersville, Mo., and contemplates sometime in the future organizing a class in Hickman. He has the reputation of being a first rate teacher

Attention is called to the large and attractive advertisement of Samuel Siegel, of Union City, Tenn, in this issue. He is a live, enterprising merchant, and has achieved great success in his line. He feels confident that he can give bargains, and therefore believes in advertising to give the people a knowledge of what he can do, and to challenge competition. This is bearding the lions in their dens, so to speak, and proves that he means business.

The river is falling very nicely herabouts having dropped from 10 to 12 inches, and every indication of further fall. The upper rivers are all falling. There is now a reasonable expectation that all further danger from floods this season is passed, and our "bottom" farmers can proceed with their work with hope and confidence, and if it should so prove they have a chance to make full crops, and with good seasons splendid ones.

Mr. Chas. A. Read and Miss Brttie Sutherland, of Union City were married at the residence of the brides brother-in-law, Wm. H. Gardner, on Wednesday at 1 o'clock, p. m. by the Rev Mr. Sullivan the bridal party taking the 2 o'clock train for Hickman. The happy couple were accompanied to Hickman by Mr. W. T. Miller and Miss Nannie Standford, Mr. Fred T. Cummins and Miss Daisy [illegible], and Miss Metta Gardner. Mr. and Mrs. Read, continue their bridal trip from here by steamer to St. Louis. May heavens choicest blessings go with them.

A Business Secret.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

"Are those cakes new maple sugar?" he asked, as he halted before a stand on Wall street.

"They are, sir."

"Made this winter?"

"Yes, sir."

"From the pure sap?"

"The pure sap, sir."

"And not adulterated?"

"Not in the least. How many cakes will you have?"

"Not one. I am looking for some cakes of old maple sugar—some at least a year old. I think the new sugar unhealthy."

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the keeper of the stand, as he gave his voice a confidential pitch, "if you want six cakes at 5 cents each, I'll admit I lied about it, and that this is old sugar polished up with a rag. Come, sir, patronize a poor but worthy man."

Why He Preferred Poker.

[Wall Street Reporter.]

"No, I never invest in stocks," answered the fat man, as he blew his nose with a loud report and leaned back in his seat.

"Perhaps you prefer dealing in grain?"

"No, sir, when I feel like speculating I go to a regular poker room conducted in a first-class manner, and lay down my money. It is far more satisfactory to me."

"How?"

"Why, I know just how long it will take me to lose $500 and get back to the office, and I don't been to waste time, put up margins, run on the brokers or lose any sleep."

Made Them Even.

"Arrested for carrying a pistol was he?" asked a magistrate of an officer, referring to a gentleman who had just been arraigned. "Let's see the pistol." The weapon was produced and handed to the judge, who examined it and asked:

"Where did you get it?"

"Bought it at a hardware store."

"What did it cost?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"What a plement. How'll you swap?" and the judge drew out a pistol and handed it to the prisoner.

"Take it to boot."

"All right. I fine you $10. That makes us even."—Detroit Free Press.

"Just for fun" a scoundrel at Richmond, Va., gave a boy a pint of whisky to drink. The boy died, and his murderer has been sentenced to 12 years imprisonment.

Democratic Meeting.

The Democrats of Fulton county are respectfully requested to meet, in Mass convention at the court house, in Hickman, on Saturday, the 5th day of May, 1883, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State Democratic convention which has been called to assemble in Louisville, May the 16th. The State convention is for the purpose of nominating Democratic candidates for Governor and the State offices. A full attendance of democrats is earnestly desired.

JOS. R. LUTON.

HICKMAN MARKET.

We have still to report a dull and declining market in all products.

Corn has declined in nearly all the markets since our last report. New Orleans quotes mixed corn 50c to 58c, white 56c to 58c, yellow 58c. Our local buyers have been compelled to come down with the markets, and are now only offering 40c per bushel—but little corn offering here. This nice farming weather the planters are too busy about the coming crop to pay attention to old stock on hand.

Wheat is selling in our market at $1.00 for No. 2—several lots sold this week at about that figure. But little wheat left in farmers hands in this section.

Cotton advances a little one day in New York and a short time declines fully as much. The latest reports quotes a slight advance in all the markets. We quote Ordinary 6½c, Good Ordinary 8c, Low Middling 8½c, Middling 8½ to 8¾, with but little offering.

Hides and Feathers are in good demand and bring full market prices.

[illegible] are dull and nominal, owing to the fact that it is getting too late in the season.

Attention! Everybody!

HAVING secured the Agency for Fulton county, Kentucky, and Obion county Tennessee, for the Indiana State Roofing Paint Company, we are prepared to paint old tin or shingle roofs. The Paint is elastic, will expand or contract with heat or cold; will protect, preserve and improve rough wood work, and for brick walls it is the only reliable Paint ever introduced. Also, Rubber Roofing for Valleys. Samples of work and Paint, also estimates given, at

J. W. CORMAN & CO'S.
Hardware and Stove House.

Strayed,

From the subscriber, living eight miles southwest of Hickman, sometime in December last, one black Horse Colt, 4 years old this spring; about 15½ hands high, both hind feet white, large white spot on forehead, and a small lump over one of his nostrils. For any information leading to the recovery of the colt a liberal reward will be paid. This April 7, 1883.

GEO. E. ROGERS.

HALL THE BOAT! What Is it that? Powell & Bro's. are aboard with a full line of Farm Machinery and Implements. Plows in great variety, from a double shovel up to Sulkey Breakers, Walking Cultivators, &c.; Harvest Machinery, latest improved, from a Mower up to a first class 7 feet Twine Binder, either of which our senior partner takes one and expects therewith to harvest his wheat with one-third the usual expense. Handsome discount to cash purchasers—liberal terms on time. Feed of all kind for stock, and as for choice groceries just come and see what we can do for you. Be pleased to see one and all at our new quarters.

POWELL & BRO.

1m.

E. T. Gardner,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE,

Of all kind, CHAIRS, MATRASSES, BED SPRINGS, the new light running no. 4 Victor Sewing Machine. Wooden and Metalic Coffins furnished on short notice

HICKMAN, : KENTUCKY.

NOW READY.

CABBAGE PLANTS, TOMATO Plants Egg Plants, now ready for delivery; and will have SWEET POTATO Plants, ready in a few days.

THOS. R. McMAHAN.

J. W. CORMAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

STOVES,

HARDWARE, TINWARE, &C. &C.

(NEW FRAME ROW, JACKSON STREET.)

ROOFING, GUTTERING, &c., a specialty. Job Work solicited.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by JNO. W. COWGILL.

New Stock!

POWELL & BROTHER,

are now receiving a fresh stock of

Groceries and Family Supplies,

which they offer to the public at fair prices. Best grade of Flour, Meal (bolted and unbolted), Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Rice, Mackerel, Kraut, &c., &c.

Headquarters for Salt, Lime and Cement.

Our farming friends will find us fully stocked up with

Farming Implements, Field Seeds, &c.,

which we will sell as low as any one. Give us a call before buying elsewhere.

feb5-'83 POWELL & BRO.

J. E. FUQUA. A. N. DeBOW.

FUQUA & DeBOW,

Wholesale Dealers and Western Agents for

VIRGINIA CHEWING AND SMOKING

TOBACCOS,

AND OTHER LEADING BRANDS

Factory, Lynchburg, Va. **Office and Store-Room,** at Bondurant & Dewey's Warehouse,

HICKMAN, - - KENTUCKY.

LOWER and LOWER.

All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c. as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WITTING.

Sale and Livery Stable.

FARIS & PARKER,

KENTUCKY STREET,

KEEPS constantly on hand for hire and sale
HORSES, BUGGIES and HACKS.

Having purchased the stable, horses and entire outfit of W. B. Plemmer, we propose to continue the business, and solicit patronage.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES,

Mr. F. E. Case announces that he is now open in his old Cooper Shop building, Jackson Street, and is ready to sell all kinds of family Groceries at the lowest prices.

Country produce bought and exchanged.

Great Bargain.

Come quick, or you will miss a rare chance to make money. Having two mills, we wish to sell the entire mill machinery, consisting of two engines, eight inch cylinder, two feet stroke, with heavy main shaft and driving wheels, three sets four feet French burrs, of the best quality, good smut mill and cleaners, all the shafting and wheels necessary to a first-class mill; a splendid Merchant work bolting chest, with cloths, &c., complete; also bolting cloth and chest for custom work: a full supply of elevator tubes, spouts, &c.; cold and hot water pumps and jet for drawing water from wells, boiler, furnace fronts, grates, bars, &c. In a word, all that is needed in the way of machinery in such a mill, belonging to mill known as the White & Gardner mill, in Hickman, Ky. Said mill when shut down, was making as good flour and meal as any mill in southwestern Kentucky. This is a rare chance to get a cheap mill outfit adapted to both custom and merchant work. There are many points in our surrounding country where such a mill is greatly needed. Don't delay, if you want a good thing, but come and see what a bargain. For further information, apply to

POWELL & BRO.,
Hickman ky

WEST KENTUCKY PIONEERS

J. AMBERG'S SONS,

DEALERS IN

Dry-Goods

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,

LADIES' and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, GLASS, &C.

Clinton Street, HICKMAN, KY

Hickman Advertisements.

DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES &c., &c., &c.	NEW HOME	PAINTS AND OILS. &c., &c., &c.

J. W. COWGILL,

TRUSSES AND Abdominal Supports	PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED AT ANY HOUR DAY OR NIGHT. *Ring night bell after 10 p. m*	FANCY TOILET ARTICLES AND Perfumery.

THE OLD RELIABLE
CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND DYE-STUFFS,

HICKMAN, KY.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGONS,

Hickman, Kentucky.

LACLEDE HOUSE,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive waiters kept and, altogether one of the best appointed hotels in this section.

may9-'79 W. J. TURNER, Prop'r.

J. W. ROGERS,

KEEPS all kinds of staple and fancy

GROCERIES,

and Confectionaries. Will be pleased to see his old customers, and will both suit them in price and quality. Call and see us. "Quick Sales and Small Profits." Won't be undersold. [jan4tf

GROCERIES
—AND—
LIQUORS.

HENRY W. KNOLL & CO., Bernadee building, Clinton street, keep in store a good supply of FAMILY GROCERIES and the finest brands of LIQUORS. Good tods and low prices.

THE BARTER GROCERY.

MR. J. H. MONTGOMERY, announces to his friends and the public that he has opened a new and fresh supply of all kinds of FAMILY GROCERIES, which he will sell as low as the lowest. He is ready at all times to exchange Groceries at cash prices for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, or any kind of marketing that the farming friends may bring in. The highest market price always paid

J. H. MONTGOMERY & SONS.

W. DIESTELBRINK
Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.

Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky

HICKMAN MARBLE WORK
HICKMAN, KY.
H. C. Blessinger,
DEALER IN
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB AND GRAVE STONES.

HAVING received a fine lot of American and Italian Marble, I am prepared to fill all orders. Call and examine my work

Orders from the country promptly filled may26

Land for Sale.

148 Acres, known as the W. W. Johnson land, and on which he now resides; 200 acres, near Reelfoot lake; 9 acres on Mud creek. This land must be sold, and can be had at a bargain. Apply to

C. H. HUBBARD, Agt.
J. S. HUBBARD'S Heirs.

CALDWELL'S
High School.

THE FOURTH YEAR will commence, Monday, September 4, 1882, and continue nine months.

The course of study, in addition to thorough Primary Work, will include Higher Mathematics, the Natural Science, German, Latin and Greek, Book Keeping, Penmanship, Elocution and Vocal Culture.

TUITION PER MONTH.

Primary,	$3 00
Intermediate,	4 00
Advanced,	5 00

Payable monthly in Advance.

B. C. CALDWELL, MARY CALDWELL, } Principals.

Hickman, Ky., August 11, 1882.

FAMILY GROCERY
H. C. JUDGE,
(FRENZ'S OLD STAND)

All kinds of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

usually kept in a first-class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, DATES, MINCE MEAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS,

LIQUORS,

Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.
Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest

I have no clerk expenses—no store rent and pay cash for all my Groceries, and, therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest.

JOHN WITTING.

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

HICKMAN, : : KENTUCKY

THE PECULIAR NEIGHBOR.

"He is so very peculiar,"
His neighbors said with a smile,
"He works in the quarry yonder,
The distance of half a mile.
He never complains or grumbles,
But labors till close of day.
He is old and wretched and friendless,
And very peculiar, they say."

That was all. He was very "peculiar,"
I found, of the village folk,
And lived in a little cottage alone,
'Neath the shade of a sheltering oak,
In the midst of a tiny garden patch,
Just back from the noisy street.
But the heart that throbbed 'neath his ragged coat
Was as noble a heart as beat.

Yes, he was truly "peculiar."
I heard, with a wondering start,
Of the kindly deeds that were daily done
By that good, old-fashioned heart.
His coat, so ragged and worn with time,
A brother might freely share;
Contented he with only a smile,
And a fervently whispered prayer.

When evening came, and he sat alone
In his vine-wreathed doorway low,
Who cared if his lonely heart grew sad!
His bitterness who should know?
And when he brushed, with his aged hand,
The dew from his eyes so dim,
What mattered it if he pondered o'er
The days that were sweet to him?

But then, when the sun in the heavens rose,
He was up again with a smile,
Trudging along, in his shabby clothes,
The distance of half a mile.
While the children clung to his sunburnt hands
As he went on his cheery way;
And I wished to God, as I saw him pass,
That more were "peculiar" to-day.

One morn, when the sun shone clear and bright,
There came a knock at his door;
But all was still, though the sunlight fell
Over the cottage floor.
Said one, "Is the old man asleep or dumb?
Does he know it's the noon of day?"
But another shrugged his shoulders, and said:
"It's his odd, peculiar way."

They passed up the rickety attic stair,
Where, with never a sob or a moan,
The old man lay in his final rest,
With his hands close folded, alone.
Was he sleeping? yes; for his eyes were closed;
His dreams were sweet, for he smiled;
And the smile that lay on his lips was as fair
As that of a little child.

Then they said, ah, never a thoughtless word,
But bore him tenderly down,
With a whispered prayer, to the churchyard small,
Just out of the noisy town.
They missed him then who had never borne
In their selfish lives a part;
But God knew all, and had not forgot
That good, "peculiar" heart.

—*Harriet M. Spalding, in Ballou's Magazine.*

TWO OLD LOVERS.

Leydan was emphatically a village of cottages, and each of them built after one of two patterns; either the front door was on the right side, in the corner of a little piazza extending a third of the length of the house, with the main roof jutting over it, or the piazza stretched across the front and the door was in the center.

The cottages were uniformly painted white, and had blinds of a bright spring green color. There was a little flower garden in front of each; the beds were laid out artistically in triangles, hearts and rounds, and edged with box; boys'-love, sweet-williams and pinks were the fashionable and prevailing flowers.

There was a general air of cheerful though humble prosperity about the place, which it owed, and indeed its very existence, also, to the three old weather-beaten boot and shoe factories which arose staunchly and importantly in the very midst of the natty little white cottages.

Years before, when one Hiram Strong put up his three factories for the manufacture of the rough shoe which the working-man of America wears, he hardly thought he was also gaining for himself the honor of founding Leydan. He chose the site for his buildings mainly because they would be easily accessible to the railway which stretched to the city, sixty miles distant. At first the workmen came on the cars from the neighboring towns, but after a while they became tired of that, and one after another built for himself a cottage and established his family and his household belongings near the scene of his daily labors. So gradually Leyden grew. A built his cottage like C, and B built his like D. They painted them white and hung the green blinds, and laid out their flower beds in front and their vegetable beds at the back. By-and-by came a church and a store and a post-office to pass, and Leyden was a full-fledged town.

That was a long time ago. The shoe factories had long passed out of the hands of Hiram Strong's heirs; he himself was only a memory on the earth. The business was not quite as wide-awake and vigorous as when in his first youth; it droned a little now; there was not quite so much bustle and hurry as formerly. The factories were never lighted up of an evening on account of overwork, and the workmen found plenty of time for pleasant and salutary gossip over their cutting and pegging. But this did not detract in the least from the general cheerfulness and prosperity of Leyden. The inhabitants still had all the work they needed to supply the means necessary for their small comforts, and they were contented. They too had begun to drone a little like the factories. "As slow as Leyden," was the saying amongst the faster-going towns adjoining theirs. Every morning at seven the old men, young men and boys in their calico shirt sleeves, their faces a little pale—perhaps from their in-door life—filed unquestioningly out of the back doors of the white cottages, treading still deeper the well-worn foot-paths stretching around the sides of the houses, and entered the factories. They were great ugly wooden buildings, with wings which they had grown in their youth jutting clumsily from their lumbering shoulders. Their outer walls were black and grimy, streaked and splashed and patched with red paint in every variety of shade, accordingly as the original hue was tempered with smoke or the beatings of the storms of many years.

The men worked peacefully and evenly in the shoe shops all day; and the women staid at home and kept the little white cottages tidy, cooked the meals and washed the clothes, and did the sewing. For recreation the men sat on the piazza in front of Barker's store of an evening, and gossiped or discussed politics; and the women talked over their neighbors' fences, or took their sewing into their neighbors' of an afternoon.

People died in Leyden as elsewhere; and here and there was a little white cottage whose narrow foot-path leading round to its back door its master would never tread again.

In one of these lived Widow Martha Brewster and her daughter Maria. Their cottage was one of those which had its piazza across the front. Every summer they trained morning-glories over it, and planted their little garden with the flower seeds popular in Leyden. There was not a cottage in the whole place whose surroundings were neater and gayer than theirs, for all that they were only two women, and two old women at that, for Widow Martha Brewster was in the neighborhood of eighty, and her daughter, Maria Brewster, near sixty. The two had lived alone since Jacob Brewster died and stopped going to the factory, some fifteen years ago. He had left them this particular white cottage and a snug little sum in the savings-bank besides, for the whole Brewster family had worked and economized all their long lives. The women had corded boots at home, while the man had worked in the shop, and never spent a cent without thinking of it overnight.

Leyden folks all thought that David Emmons would marry Maria Brewster when her father died. "David can rent his house, and go to live with Maria and her mother," said they, with an affectionate readiness to arrange matters for them. But he did not. Every Sunday night at eight o'clock punctually the form of David Emmons, arrayed in his best clothes, with his stiff white dickey, and a nosegay in his button-hole, was seen to advance up the road toward Maria Brewster's, as he had been seen to advance every Sunday night for the last twenty-five years, but that was all. He manifested not the slightest intention of carrying out people's judicious plans for his welfare and Maria's.

She did not seem to pine with hope deferred; people could not honestly think there was any occasion to pity her for her lover's tardiness. A cheerier woman never lived. She was literally bubbling over with jollity. Round-faced and black-eyed, with a funny little bounce of her whole body when she walked, she was the merry feature of the whole place.

Her mother was now too feeble, but Maria still corded boots for the factories as of old. David Emmons, who was quite sixty, worked in them, as he had from youth. He was a slender, mild-faced old man, with a fringe of gray yellow beard around his chin, his head was quite bald. Years ago he had been handsome, they said, but somehow people had always laughed at him a little, although they all liked him. "The slowest of all the slow Leydenites" outsiders called him, and even the "slow Leydenites" poked fun at this exaggeration of themselves. It was an old and well-worn remark that it took David Emmons an hour to go courting, and that he was always obliged to leave his own home at seven in order to reach Maria's at eight, and there was a standing joke that the meeting-house passed him one morning on his way to the shop.

David heard the chaffing, of course; there is very little delicacy in matters of this kind among country people; but he took it all in good part. He would laugh at himself with the rest, but there was something touching in his deprecatory way of saying, sometimes: "Well, I don't know how 'tis, but it don't seem to be in my natur' to do any other way. I suppose I was born without the faculty of gittin' along quick in this world. You'll have to git behind an' push me a leetle, I reckon."

He owned his little cottage, which was one of the kind which had the piazza on the right side. He lived entirely alone. There was a half-acre or so of land beside his house, which he used for a vegetable garden. After and before shop hours, in the dewy evenings and mornings, he dug and weeded assiduously between the green ranks of corn and beans. If David Emmons was slow, his vegetables were not. None of the gardens in Leyden surpassed his in luxuriant growth. His corn tasselled out and his potato patch was white with blossoms as soon as anybody's.

He was almost a vegetarian in his diet; the products of his garden spot were his staple articles of food. Early in the morning would the gentle old bachelor set his pot of green things boiling, and dine gratefully at noon, like mild Robert Herrick, on pulse and herbs. His garden supplied also his sweetheart and her mother with all the vegetables they could use. Many times in the course of a week could David have been seen slowly moving toward the Brewster cottage with a basket on his arm well stocked with the materials for an innocent and delicious repast.

But Maria was not to be outdone by her old lover in kindly deeds. Not a Saturday but a goodly share of her weekly baking was deposited, neatly covered with a white crash towel, on David's little kitchen table. The surreptitious air with which the back-door key was taken from its hiding-place (which she well knew) under the kitchen blind, the door unlocked and entered, and the good things deposited was charming, although highly ineffectual. "There goes Maria with David's baking," said the women, peering out of their windows as she bounced, rather more gently and cautiously than usual, down the street. And David himself knew well the ministering angel to whom these benefits were due when he lifted the towel and discovered with tearful eyes the brown loaves and flaky pies—the proofs of his Maria's love and culinary skill.

Amongst the younger and more irreverent portions of the community there was considerable speculation as to the mode of courtship of these old lovers of twenty-five years' standing. Was there ever a kiss, a tender clasp of the hand, those usual expressions of affection between sweethearts?

Some of the more daring spirits had even gone so far as to commit the manifest impropriety of peeping in Maria's parlor windows, but they had only seen David sitting quiet and prim on the little slippery horse-hair sofa and Maria by the table, rocking slowly in her little cane-seated rocker. Did Maria ever leave her rocker and sit on that slippery horse-hair sofa by David's side? They never knew, but she never did. There was something laughable and at the same time rather pathetic about Maria and David's courting. All the outward appurtenances of "keeping company" were as rigidly observed as they had been twenty-five years ago, when David Emmons first cast his mild blue eyes shyly and lovingly on red-cheeked, quick-spoken Maria Brewster. Every Sunday evening, in the winter, there was a fire kindled in the parlor, the parlor lamp was lit at dusk all the year round and Maria's mother retired early that the young people might "sit up." The "sitting up" was no very formidable affair now, whatever it might have been in the first stages of the courtship. The need of sleep over balanced sentiment in those old lovers, and by ten o'clock at the latest Maria's lamp was out and David had wended his solitary way to his own home.

Leyden people had a great curiosity to know if David had ever actually popped the question to Maria, or if his natural slowness was at fault in this as in other things. Their curiosity had been long exercised in vain, but Widow Brewster, as she waxed older, grew loquacious and one day told a neighbor, who had dropped in in her daughter's absence, that "David'd never reely come to the p'int. She supposed he would some time; for her part, she thought he had better, but then, after all, knowed Maria didn't care, and maybe 'twas jest as well as 'twas, only sometimes she was afeard she should never live to see the weddin' if they wasn't spry." Then there had been hints concerning a certain pearl-colored silk which Maria, having a good chance to get at a bargain, had purchased some twenty years ago, when she thought, from sundry remarks, that David was coming to the point, and it was further intimated that the silk had been privately made up ten years since, when Maria had again surmised that the point was about being reached. The neighbor went home in a state of great delight, having by skillful manœuvring actually obtained a glimpse of the pearl-colored silk.

It was perfectly true that Maria did not lay David's tardiness in putting the important question very much to heart. She was too cheerful, too busy and too much interested in her daily duties to fret much about anything. There was never at any time much of the sentimental element in her composition, and her feeling for David was eminently practical in its nature. She, although the women, had the stronger character of the two, and there was something rather mother-like than lover-like in her affection for him. It was through the protecting care which chiefly characterized her love that the only pain to her came from their long courtship and postponement of marriage. It was true that, years ago, when David had led her to think, from certain hesitating words spoken at parting one Sunday night, that he would certainly ask the momentous question soon, her heart had gone into a happy flutter. She had bought the pearl-colored silk then.

Years after, her heart had fluttered again, but a little less wildly this time. David almost asked her another Sunday night. Then she had made up the pearl-colored silk. She used to go and look at it fondly and admiringly from time to time; once in a while she would try it on and survey herself in the glass, and imagine herself David's bride—a faded bride, but a happy and a beloved one.

She looked at the dress occasionally now, but a little sadly, as the conviction was forcing itself upon her more and more that she should never wear it. But the sadness was always more for David's sake than her own. She saw him growing an old man, and the lonely uncared-for life that he led filled her heart with tender pity and sorrow for him. She did not confine her kind offices to the Saturday baking. Every week his little house was tidied and set to rights, and his mending looked after.

Once, on a Sunday night, when she spied a rip in his coat that had grown long from the want of womanly fingers constantly at hand, she had a good cry after he had left and she had gone into her room. There was something more pitiful to her, something that touched her heart more deeply, in that rip in her lover's Sunday coat than in all her long years of waiting.

As the years went on it was sometimes with a sad heart that Maria stood and watched the poor lonely old figure moving slower than ever down the street to his lonely home; but the heart was sad for him always and never for herself. She used to wonder at him a little sometimes, though always with the most loyal tenderness, that he should choose to lead the solitary, cheerless life that he did, to go back to his dark, voiceless home, when he might be so sheltered and cared for in his old age. She firmly believed that it was only owing to her lover's incorrigible slowness, in this as in everything else. She never doubted for an instant that he loved her. Some women might have tried hastening matters a little themselves, but Maria, with the delicacy which is sometimes more inherent in a steady, practical nature like hers than in a more ardent one, would have lost her self-respect forever if she had done such a thing.

So she lived cheerfully along, corded her boots, though her fingers were getting stiff, humored her mother, who was getting feebler and more childish every year, and did the best she could for her poor foolish old lover.

When David was seventy, and she sixty-eight, she gave away the pearl-colored silk to a cousin's daughter who was going to be married. The girl was young and pretty and happy, but she was poor and the silk would make over into a grander wedding dress for her than she could hope to obtain in any other way.

Poor old Maria smoothed the lustrous folds fondly with her withered hands before sending it away and cried a little, with a patient pity for David and herself. But when a tear splashed directly on to the shining surface of the silk, she stopped crying at once, and her sorrowful expression changed into one of careful scrutiny as she wiped the salt drop away with her handkerchief and held the dress up to the light to be sure that it was not spotted. A practical nature like Maria's is sometimes a great boon to its possessor. It is doubtful if anything else can dry a tear as quickly.

Somehow Maria always felt a little differently toward David after she had given away her wedding dress. There had always been a little tinge of consciousness in her manner toward him, a little reserve and caution before people. But after the wedding dress had gone, all question of marriage had disappeared so entirely from her mind that the delicate considerations born of it vanished. She was uncommonly hale and hearty for a woman of her age; there was apparently much more than two years' difference between her and her lover. It was not only the Saturday's bread and pie that she carried now and deposited on David's little kitchen table, but openly and boldly, not caring who should see her, many a warm dinner. Every day, after her own house-work was done, David's house was set to rights. He should have all the comfort he needed in his last years, she determined. That they were his last years was evident. He coughed, and now walked so slowly from feebleness and weakness that it was a matter of doubt to observers whether he could reach Maria Brewster's before Monday evening.

One Sunday night he staid a little longer than usual—the clock struck ten before he started. Then he rose, and said, as he had done every Sunday evening for so many years: "Well, Maria, I guess it's about time for me to be goin'."

She helped him on with his coat, and tied on his tippet. Contrary to his usual habit he stood in the door, and hesitated a minute, there seemed to be something he wanted to say.

"Maria."

"Well, David?"

"I'm gittin' to be an old man, you know, an' I've allus been slow-goin'; I couldn't seem to help it. There has been a good many things I haven't got around to." The old cracked voice quavered painfully.

"Yes, I know, David, all about it; you couldn't help it. I wouldn't worry a bit about it if I were you."

"You don't lay up anything agin me, Maria?"

"No, David."

"Good-night, Maria."

"Good-night, David. I will fetch you over some boiled dinner to-morrow."

She held the lamp at the door till the patient, tottering old figure was out of sight. She had to wipe the tears from her spectacles in order to see to read her Bible when she went in.

Next morning she was hurrying up her house-work to go over to David's—somehow she felt a little anxious about him this morning—when there came a loud knock at her door. When she opened it a boy stood there, panting for breath; he was David's next neighbor's son.

"Mr. Emmons is sick," he said, "an wants you. I was goin' for milk when he rapped on the window. Father an' mother's in thar an' the doctor. Mother said, tell you to hurry."

The news had spread rapidly; people knew what it meant when they saw Maria hurrying down the street without her bonnet, her grey hair flying. One women cried when she saw her. "Poor thing!" she sobbed, "poor thing!"

A crowd was around David's cottage when Maria reached it. She went straight in through the kitchen to his little bed-room and up to his side. The doctor was in the room and several neighbors. When he saw Maria, poor old David held out his hand to her and smiled feebly. Then he looked imploringly at the doctor, then at the others in the room. The doctor understood and said a word to them and they filed silently out. Then he turned to Maria. "Be quick," he whispered.

She leaned over him. "Dear David," she said, her wrinkled face quivering, her gray hair straying over her cheeks.

He looked up at her with a strange wonder in his glazing eyes. "Maria" —a thin, husky voice, that was more like a wind through dry corn stalks, said—"Maria, I'm—dyin' an'—I allers meant to—have asked you—to—marry me."—*Mary E. Wilkins, in Harper's Bazar.*

—Twenty-five years ago a young Philadelphia wife nearly cried her eyes out because she could not afford to scrape from her walls the unsightly, old-fashioned paper, full of peacocks and pelicans and things, and put a nice, neat, new style in its place. Now her married daughter is weeping because she can't afford to put the peacocks and pelicans back. Life is full of trouble.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Radishes were known and grown by the Greeks, and were offered at Apollo's shrine wrought in precious metals.

—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* says that where the land is new and rich in mineral elements there need be no fear of black knot in plum and cherry trees.

—An experienced wheat grower in Canada has originated an entirely new variety of wheat called the "Peerless Black Chaff." He claims that it is rust proof, immensely productive and always a sure crop. The straw is exceedingly strong and hardy.

—Nothing will secure better remuneration to the average farmer than to assist in building up and encouraging home markets for desirable farm products. Among the first essentials in this direction is an increased variety in the production.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Mr. W. H. White, of Worcester County, Mass., recommends a decoction of the common beelarkspur for lice on live stock. He says two applications will destroy all vermin, and there is not the danger attending its use that there is with kerosene, mercurial ointment and tobacco.

—Mixed husbandry is the only sure way to success in farming. Repeated cropping with a single cereal will bring a waste of the plant-food elements in the soil that will, in the end, so reduce the yield as to entail certain loss upon the land owner. This fact will do more toward forcing the Dalrymples to cut up and dispose of their immense land areas than anything else, though they may not now see it in that light.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The bottom of white Holland curtains may be rendered very handsome by inserting squares of antique lace for a shade of the ordinary width three squares are sufficient; leave a space between each of the same width as the square; of course these must be put in very neatly and with great care to be effective. Below the hem at the bottom put an edge of the antique lace that matches the squares.—*N. Y. Post.*

—For a home-made disinfectant dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of paste. For the purpose of a disinfectant this home-made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters and out-houses, and in this way prevent sickness, suffering and expense.—*Christian Advocate.*

—It will benefit an orchard to plow the ground, but it should be plowed very lightly, to avoid breaking the roots. Pruning the trees is necessary for the production of good fruit, but with all the care possible in this way there will be no good fruit unless the codling moths are destroyed in some way. One way is to pick up all the fallen apples and feed them or burn them. Another is to set light-traps in the orchard at nights, or to have fires or smudge heaps among the trees; but in some way these insects must be destroyed or there will be no good fruit. It is a good plan to keep fowls in the orchard and leave the ground under the trees loose for them to scratch in and hunt these worms.—*N. Y. Times.*

Culture of the Peanut.

It is not many years since the peanut plant began to assume proportions as a staple Southern crop, and even now the area of its cultivation, though annually extending, is confined to comparatively narrow limits. In Virginia it is cultivated only in portions of five or six counties on the south side of James River, the counties of the Isle of Wight and Surry being the only ones, where it is grown in every part. Light sandy lands near the rivers and smaller streams of eastern Virginia are suited to this crop, and as lime and marl are easily procured in all this region, the peanut eventually became a leading product. The annual crop of Virginia is now two million bushels.

One of the first questions a prudent farmer asks, when thinking of a new crop is, does it draw heavily upon the soil? At first, fears were entertained that such would be the case with the peanut, but a decade's experience has shown that the farms of Tidewater Virginia, where the peanut has been grown annually for twelve or fifteen years, have improved in fertility, and that many of them are worth fifty to one hundred per cent. more now than in 1870. This improvement is not due to the peanut plant in itself, but to the fact that the grower is obliged to manure his land more and till it better. It is a plant that requires the application of both vegetable matter and marl or lime, when these elements are not amply present. In this respect alone the peanut has been of incalculable benefit; and as it is now found that it does not greatly exhaust the soil, it is fast becoming a favorite crop and taking precedence of every other. Many growers say that the leaves alone which either fall from the plant before digging or are then detached, will, for a number of years, compensate for the elements of plant food taken away in the peanut itself; and that if all the vines are returned to the land, either before or after going to the cattle pen, they will not only restore the loss, but leave the soil richer than at first. It is found that woods' litter, applied to the land once in four or five years, and small dressings of lime or marl, are the best of all manures for the peanut. Where these elements are present in liberal quantity, the yield per acre is from fifty to seventy-five or one hundred bushels of peanuts. A good deal depends upon the mechanical condition of the land. A light and dry porous soil is most favorable. Standing water and cold wet soils are destructive. Tenacious lands are not only difficult to work, but wasteful in the quantity of peanuts that are left in ground when digging the crop.

The cultivation of the peanut does not interfere seriously with other staple crops, as, with improved implements and rapid work, the times of working them may be so ordered as to leave intervals for attention to other things. In ordinary seasons, three weedings with the hoes are amply sufficient, and frequently two are enough. The tendency now is to cultivate more with the plow and cultivator, and less with hoes. As the fertilizer, where any is used, is generally applied at planting time, there is nothing to do in summer but to plow and hoe the crop. As soon as the young peanuts begin to form to much extent, working ceases and the crop is laid by. There is then an interval of at least two months when the planter can turn his attention to other matters about the farm.—*American Agriculturist.*

Catching Cold.

There is nothing more unreasonable than a cold in the head. It should, by all rules of reason, manifest itself principally when the weather changes from warm to cold, but with the perversity of all things evil it insists upon starting under conditions exactly opposite to the rational ones. More people are now flourishing handkerchiefs and uttering startling sneezes than there were when the thermometer was below zero and they are sure that they don't know why. Their family physician, if it was to his interest to tell the truth, would probably explain that the warmer weather had increased perspiration, so that a draught or a degree of cold hardly perceptible in severer weather is now likely to arrest the perspiratory process, with the usual results; but how can explanations comfort a man with a cold in his head? The only relief is in resolving not to catch cold again so easily. But this resolve can be kept only by watching changes of weather as if they were a lot of hungry politicians.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Wheat Production in India.

Attention has several times been called to the probability that Great Britain and France would at no distant day be chiefly supplied with wheat produced in Asia and Africa. Wheat has been called the "plant of civilization." Grain certainly constitutes the bread of civilized people in the world, and as savage nations become civilized they engage in the culture of wheat. It is grown more or less extensively in every country in Europe and America, and in nearly every portion of the world colonized by Europeans. The production of wheat has increased in Algeria and Tunis since their occupation by the French. The English introduce the culture of wheat wherever they settle. Without doubt Asiatic Turkey constitutes one of the best wheat-producing countries in the world. Means of transportation alone prevent the supplying of most of the western countries of Europe with wheat raised in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. Wheat has been produced in India from the earliest historic period, and under British rule the production has constantly increased. The agricultural reports of the country are by no means complete, but it is believed that the present yield of wheat amounts to 240,000,000 bushels. The amount exported in 1879 was only 2,170,631, but the amount sent abroad last season amounted to 37,135,481 bushels. The general average yield is twelve bushels per acre, though by high cultivation and irrigation three times that amount has been raised.

Colonel Mattson, Consul General of the United States, stationed at Calcutta, has made an official report to the Department of State on wheat-growing in India, and shows the probability of so large an increase in the future as to exert a powerful influence on the price of the grain in the leading market of the world. He believes that, with the present antiquated methods, wheat is produced as cheaply in India as in the most favored portions of the United States, owing to the low price of labor, and that by the employment of machinery it may be produced much cheaper. The difficulty in competing with the United States is the cost of inland transportation. The wheat-producing regions are not gridironed by railroads as are those in this country, and improved earth-roads are almost unknown. The attention of the local Government has been called, however, to these matters, and immediate steps will be taken to provide means for transporting wheat across the country. An effort will also be made to reduce the cost of ocean transportation.

In relation to the cost and method of cultivation and the facilities for handling, the report says: The latitude has but little influence on the wheat crop in India compared with differences in soil and mode of cultivation. The crop requires a great deal of moisture, hence irrigation is of special importance, and various methods are employed for that purpose, the one destined to become a leading factor in the production of wheat is that of canal irrigation, which is now receiving the special attention of the general and local Governments, and important works are being made and projected for an extensive system of canal irrigation. One of these, the "Sirhind" Canal, in the Punjab, has just been completed. It was built mainly by prison labor, is 502 miles long, and will irrigate 780,000 acres through 2,500 miles of minor channels.

The wheat is sown in the autumn and harvested in March or April; it is usually sown in drills or rows, and weeded like garden stuff and in quantities not much larger than garden patches in the United States, but the agricultural population numbers nearly 200,000,000, and it is the aggregate of innumerable little units which in agriculture, as in everything else in India, brings the country into importance, and this fact is so closely interwoven with the whole social, industrial and legal network of India that it bears a strong influence even upon the future question of India vs. American wheat.

The Indian agriculturist "ryot" can in no sense be compared to the American farmer, but rather to the late serf of Russia. He is a tenant on hard conditions, and is by custom and bigotry almost a fixture on the particular spot of land where he was born; his farming is done on a very small scale and according to old methods, to which he clings with religious veneration. His wants are very few, and he endures poverty and even hunger with patience; he cultivates his patch of five to fifteen acres on shares for the landed proprietor, "zemidar," who holds under rental to the Government, and the better half of his gross income generally goes to the zemidar, the priest ("brahmin") and the usurer in the form of rent, presents, offerings and interest, and if he can get ten cents a day by his hard and hopeless labor, that will suffice for the most pressing wants of his household. His home is a mud—or bamboo—hut, his property a pair of small bullocks, a few cows, calves and goats, a wooden cart and a few brass and earthen pots, in all worth about fifty dollars, and his implements and tools are of the rudest kind, such as his ancestors used a thousand years ago, and yet he is making some progress under British rule, and finds his wants increasing, and at the same time better outlets for his produce and more recompense for his labor, and, on the whole, is so independent on ten cents a day that he will eat or store his wheat rather than sell it below a certain price. Of course he does not employ machinery in farming, but plows his land with a crooked piece of iron-pointed wood, harrows it with an instrument resembling a common ladder laid flat on the ground and dragged by the little bullocks crossways over the field; he sows by hand, reaps with a sickle, carries the sheaves home on his back or in the bullock cart, thrashes them with a wooden club, or lets the cattle tramp out the grain and cleans it by hand-winnowing.

Under these conditions the ryot can afford to sell his wheat at the nearest market place, if within a day's journey of his home, for fifty to sixty cents per bushel; but when it does not bring that price, or very near it, he consumes his small supply or stores it in a hole under ground until a more favorable time shall come, and when it comes he sells very short and uses millet and inferior grains for his family subsistence, so that a great elasticity in the amount of surplus is constantly kept up by the countless host of the ryots themselves.

And this same course will necessarily be pursued in the main, for a long time to come, because the social and religious condition of the agricultural classes is such that it will take generations to make any material change among them. Then, again, the cutting up of the land into small patches to suit the rapidly-increasing population and for irrigation purposes, the absence of roads and bridges, the want of strength in draft animals, the poverty of the people and other reasons, make it impossible to farm on a larger scale and to use machinery, but even if all these objections were removed, the present cost of labor is too low even for the successful competition of farm machinery, and it may be regarded as certain that the cost of wheat as now produced is at, or near, the very lowest minimum, and when it does not bring fifty cents a bushel to the ryot it will be consumed at home in lieu of other breadstuffs and the wheat area will be temporarily diminished.

The facilities for handling and transporting grains are very poor. There are no elevators, no shipments in bulk, but all the grain must be put in bags, handled and carried by manual labor. The cost of ocean freight depends on the fluctuations of the general steamship carrying trade, and varies so considerably that exporters can make no definite calculations ahead, but are obliged to watch their opportunities from week to week and day to day. Nearly all the wheat exported goes through in steamers via Suez canal, and the time required for transit to London is, from Calcutta thirty-five to forty days, from Bombay twenty-eight to thirty-three days and from Kurrachee thirty to thirty-five days. While the wheat is exposed to the air during inland transit and storage at the seaport it is liable to serious damage by the weevil, an insect germinating in the grain itself under the influence of heat; but when stored under ground it will keep in good condition for years, and even in the ship's hold it is comparatively safe during the time required for transit.—*Chicago Times.*

Ears Have They, but Hear Not.

It is a curious fact that many people are conversant with the double-hand alphabet of the deaf and dumb, while only a small portion know the single-hand, which is the one used exclusively by mutes in America, and is much the easier one to learn. The sign-language, which is universally employed by the mutes throughout the world—over 85,000 of them in the United States—and is their sole means of communication with each other, is regarded by the public as a curiosity, and such indeed it is. So rapidly do mutes express themselves in signs that short-hand reporting could barely keep pace with them. This silent language omits many words that hearing people are forced to use in their speech. The public is not generally aware that this way of talking by signs bears more or less relation to nature—i. e., there are many animals and objects that have signs in conformity with their nature and manner of construction. This will readily be perceived when one makes the sign for the following.

Cow—Close both hands, leaving the thumb and little finger of both sticking up, put the point of left thumb a little above left eyebrow, and the point of right thumb above right eyebrow, in imitation of a cow's horns. The sign for milk is to imitate the way one milks a cow with both hands.

Knife—Use first finger of left hand for a piece of wood, and the first finger of right hand for a knife, keeping your thumbs and other fingers closed, whittle as you would with a knife.

Elephant—With the back of your right hand in front of your mouth, outstretch your right arm, and imitate the manner in which an elephant receives bits of food with his trunk.

Book—Straighten the fingers and thumb of both hands, pressing the fingers of right hand together and those of left hand together; allow the lower edges of your hands to meet as though hinged together, then open and shut as a book.

Mule—Use your hands for ears, placing the back of right wrist a little to the right of right eyebrow, do same with left wrist at left eyebrow; incline your hands slightly forward and backward, after the way a mule moves its ears. A horse having smaller ears than a mule, the sign therefor is to use first and second fingers for ears.

Box—With both hands simultaneously cut first a perpendicular and then a horizontal line in the air in front of you, after the shape of a small box horizontally, with back of left hand facing palm of right.

Monkey—Make a hunchback of yourself and press your tongue against inside of lower lip, creating a lump, after the fashion of a monkey's face, while thus monkey looking, scratch your left side with left hand and right side with right hand.

People will probably be still further astonished when they are informed that the wonder does not end here, for pressing point of forefinger against forehead denotes think, biting tip of forefinger, accompanied by a sad facial expression, jealous, striking forehead with the front side of fist, stupid; rubbing palm of right hand around the heart, like crossing your hands, with palm of right hand against heart and left hand resting on right and pressing, love, joining the hands after the manner of a bride and groom when being married, marry, and so on.

As regards their intellectual capabilities, necessarily but a small ratio of this class of people acquire the facility of a ready command of language. The fortunate few that glory over their literary achievements are conceded to be writers of acknowledged merit, and nearly all such are what are known as semi-mutes. A native Frenchman or German cannot thoroughly master the English language because it is foreign to him. A great many Americans without a drop of English blood are faulty in their use of the English language. Now, the mute's natural language is signs, and how unreasonable, therefore, to expect them to become expert writers—these people who know not what language is, having heard no sound? A number of mutes are to-day occupying positions of honor and responsibility, while there is hardly a trade but what is represented by a mute. Of a group of one hundred mutes, it is safe to say not less than eighty-five are congenitals—i. e., born deaf and dumb, or became so at an early age. Where the child could already articulate, its deafness need not necessarily be the cause of its dumbness also. An educated mute can fill any position where the sense of hearing is not a necessary requisite, and his deafness is absolutely no bar to success.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Tragic End of a Hungarian Family.

A peculiarly sad and shocking domestic tragedy is reported from the town of Batyu in Hungary. The keeper of a crossing on the East Hungarian Railway near that town happened to win a few days ago some hundreds of florins in a lottery. The poor fellow, who had never seen such a large sum of money in his life, took the bank notes home and amused himself in turning them over, forming plan upon plan for their disposal. All at once a train was signaled and he rushed to his post, leaving the precious roll behind him. As ill-luck would have it his little daughter was playing in the room at the time. Struck by the peculiar appearance of the notes, having rarely if ever seen one before, and not knowing anything whatever of their value, she proceeded to use them as a plaything, and presently flung them into the fire, where they were burned to ashes. Just then the father returned, missed the notes and learned what had become of them. In his fury he struck the child a violent blow which stretched her lifeless on the floor. The mother, who was giving a bath in an adjoining room to her second child, an infant, rushed in on hearing the disturbance, picked up the little girl and tried to restore her to consciousness. Her efforts were vain; the child was dead. She flew to the bath in which she had left the infant. Another shock awaited her; the child was drowned in the bath. The childless mother, distracted and desperate, rushed out of the house and hanged herself on the branch of a tree. The wretched father, overwhelmed with misfortune, his fortune gone, his wife and children gone—seized a revolver and put an end to his existence. The artistic completeness of this tragedy gives it a certain air of unreality, but the Hungarian journals vouch for the exact truth of these details.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—The Boston *Advertiser* gives the following definition of an interview, and one which is correct in every particular: An interview is a modern invention good naturedly adopted by newspapers to enable public men to put their ideas before the people without assuming the responsibility for them, and in a form to be repudiated as the inaccurate work of the reporter in case the views do not "take."

A big-handed sawyer named Shaw,
Put his finger too near the buzz-saw,
He saw his mistake,
But each pain and ache,
St. Jacobs Oil cured in his paw.

A rheumatic old man named Meeker,
Was sick a whole year in Topeeker,
He there would have died,
But St. Jacobs Oil tried,
It sent him back cured to Osweeger.

The diamond is the stone for an engagement, but give us the cobblestone in a free fight.—*Puck.*

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Aco Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes:—I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it according to directions and he was instantly relieved.

Thirty years ago, in Paris, there were tiny visiting cards for babies. The custom has been revived.

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Gray hairs are the only object of respect that can not excite envy.—*Bacon.*

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Lamentation is the musician that always, like a screech owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry man.—*Plutarch.*

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The French word for law is placed in the feminine gender. This is because the law is so fearfully uncertain.

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Our Reporter's Vacation Notes.

During his rambles this season, our Mr. M. has taken upon himself the task of satisfying our numerous readers that whatever goods are manufactured in our goodly city of Roger Williams, are of as high a grade, and as fine in quality as can be produced in any spot on the globe. Especially is this so when the skilled Pharmacist of many years experience resolves to extract from the finest botanical specimens of the vegetable world the most potent cure for some special disease. In proof of his assertion that Providence, R. I., affords the best, he relates an interview with an acquaintance, given him while sojourning temporarily at her residence. She says: "About a year I suffered severely from Rheumatism in my limbs, and Neuralgia in the head, which I endured two or three months with as much patience as possible, being under the treatment of an excellent doctor, and trying many kinds of medicine without any marked effect. At last a medical friend advised me to try Hunt's Remedy, because he attributed my severe suffering to the bad condition of my kidneys, which were not performing their proper functions, and I commenced taking it, and in a few days the neuralgia had departed, my headache had entirely disappeared, the swelling in my limbs and joints had gone, and I have not had a touch of it since. More recently I was troubled with impurity of the blood, which showed itself in severe eruptions on my face. I again resorted to Hunt's Remedy, and after taking it a short time was completely cured of that complaint. Hunt's Remedy has proved very beneficial to me in attacks of sick headache, which it always alleviates, and I notice the improvement as soon as I take it. Hunt's Remedy has strengthening elements, for it has made me feel much stronger, and has been very beneficial to my general health. I most heartily recommend it to all sufferers like myself. MRS. L. G. TABBER, No. 136 Pearl Street."

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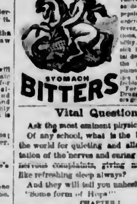
ALBERT G. MANN, of Cottage Home, Ill., says: "I have been prostrated for three or more years with kidney disease, at times I was not able to put on my boots, my wife has often pulled them on for me. I was not as bad as that all the time, but I never knew what it was to be without pain in my back until I commenced using Hunt's Remedy. Since I began to take Hunt's Remedy I have been free from all pain, and take pleasure in saying that it is the best medicine that I ever knew for Kidney and Liver diseases."



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